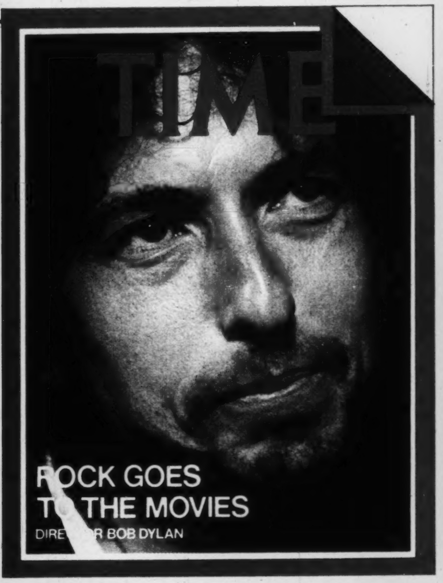
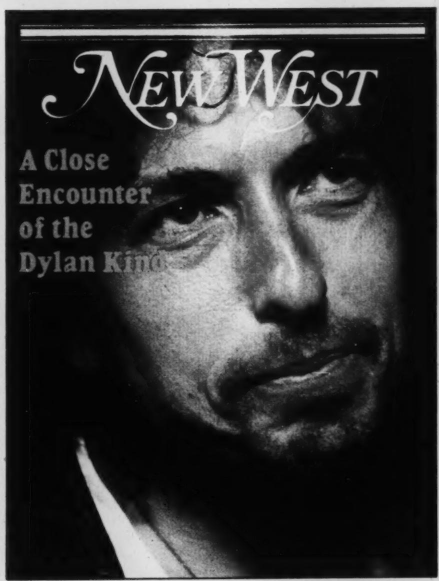
The Public Dying of Hubert Humphrey
LeRoy Neiman, Playboy of the Western Art World by Robert Ward
Report from Coal Country

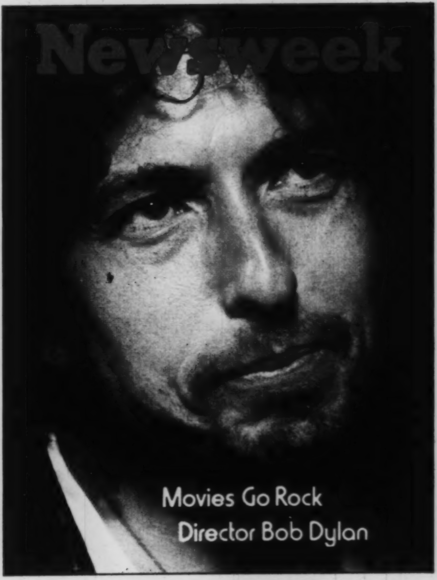
FEBRUARY 6, 1978 $1.00
THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE ®

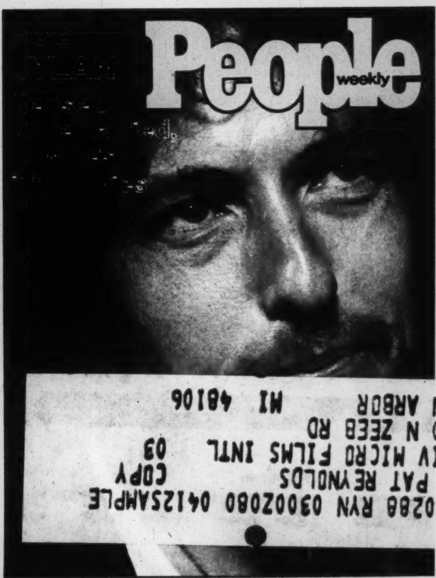
NewTimes

STAR WARS: How Celebrities Use the Media...And Vice Versa

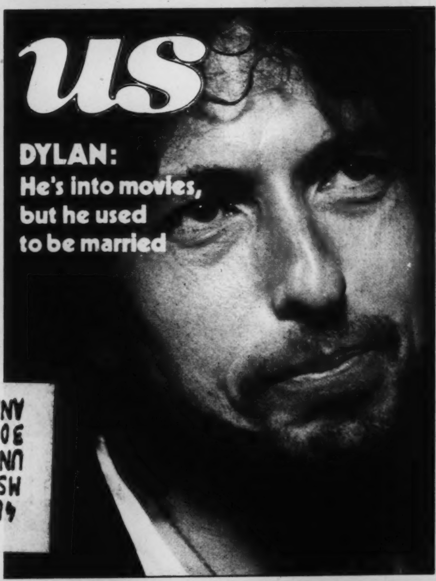

TIME
ROCK GOES TO THE MOVIES
DIRECTOR BOB DYLAN

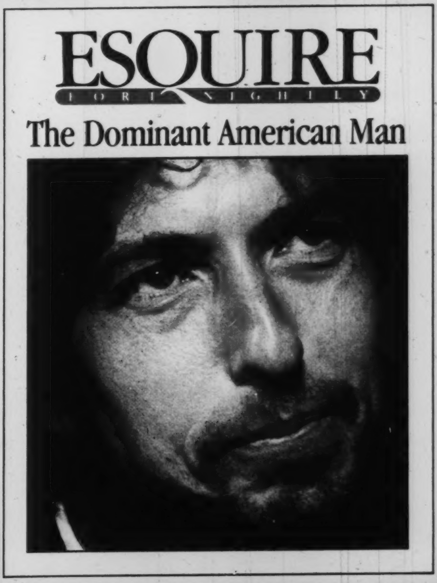

NEW WEST
A Close Encounter of the Dylan Kind


Newsweek
Movies Go Rock
Director Bob Dylan


People weekly

480288 RYN 0300Z080 0412SAMPLE
MS PAT REYNOLDS COPY
UNIV MICRO FILMS INTL 09
300 N ZEEB RD
ANN ARBOR MI 48106


us
DYLAN:
He's into movies, but he used to be married


ESQUIRE
FORTNIGHTLY
The Dominant American Man

Come to where the flavor is.
Come to Marlboro Country.
FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
Marlboro
100's
Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

17 mg''tar,'' 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug.'77

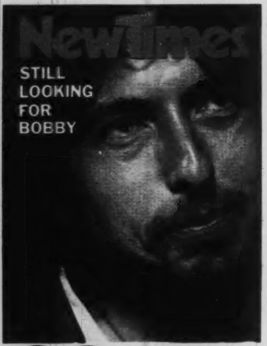
NewTimes

VOLUME 10, NUMBER 3

CONTENTS

FEBRUARY 6, 1978

On the Cover:



38 Star Wars

Journalists are displaying a disturbing willingness—nay, eagerness—to snap at any bait dangled before them by publicists and press agents. You don't need an ombudsman to know that the situation has gotten serious when a magazine has to promise a cover story to get an interview with *Glen Campbell!*
by PETER S. GREENBERG

44 Renaldo and Wasso

In which the author of the lyric "propaganda all is phony" explains (among other things) why his is an exception.
by JOEL KOTKIN

Cover art prepared by John Davis. Photograph by Ken Regan/Camera 5

26 The King Coal Good Times Blues

Kentucky's Martin County had become a coal-mining hole by the 1950s. When the Arabs threatened to dry up America's oil supply coal made a comeback—so did the town. But now greed, the hardest miner of all, is scraping up the last of Martin County's resources.
by JOHN EGERTON

BK1-049
GOOD
Vote Your Future
UMWA

46 The Public Dying of Hubert Humphrey

"You can cut back on the funeral," Hubert Humphrey told an aide a few weeks before his death. "All the eulogies have already been delivered." Indeed, the pre-mortem honors and tributes, delivered in the glare of the public spotlight, would have done a President proud.
by PETER ROSS RANGE

52 The Playboy of the Western Art World

Critic David Bourdon thinks LeRoy Neiman is "a schlocky artist." Andy Warhol thinks Neiman is "sweet." And Hilton Kramer never thinks of him at all. It seems no one likes LeRoy, except the people who have made him America's favorite artist. And, oh yes—he *is* rather fond of himself.
by ROBERT WARD

Letters
Did you hear the one about the Comedy Issue?
Page 4

Crime
The San Diego Klutz Murder.
by PETER S. GREENBERG
Page 6

Party Lines
Back to Bakke.
by ROBERT SHRUM
Page 9

Industry
The idle men of steel.
by STEPHEN SINGULAR
Page 16

The Insider
The most audacious—and maybe sensational—assassination book ever.
Page 18

REVIEWS

Movies
Blue Collar, The Duellists and *Fingers*: Three directorial debuts.
by RICHARD CORLISS
Page 65

Books
Wilfrid Sheed takes on . . . David Frost?
by GEOFFREY WOLFF
Page 67

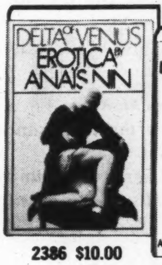
Records
Five funkburgers, hold the soul.
by JIM MILLER
Page 70

Jazz
Maynard Ferguson drops back in.
by FRANK CONROY
Page 71

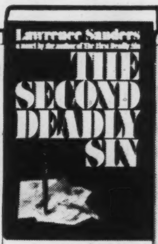
Final Tribute
Farewell to a friend.
by GEORGE McGOVERN
Page 72

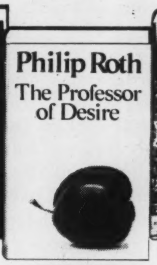
We will consider unsolicited manuscripts, art/photos only when accompanied by return postage; the magazine will not be held responsible for loss or damage. Copyright © 1978 by New Times Publishing Company. All rights reserved. Members of Audit Bureau of Circulations. New Times is published biweekly (except for the last issue of the year which is combined with the first issue of the next year) by New Times Publishing Company, One Park Ave., New York, New York, 10016. George A. Hirsch, President. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at additional mailing offices. Subscription price $15.00 per year. $2.00 additional per year for Canada. $5.00 additional per year for all other foreign countries. Direct all SUBSCRIPTION CORRESPONDENCE, ORDERS, CHANGE OF ADDRESS to NEW TIMES, P.O. Box 2474, Boulder, Colorado, 80322. ALL EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE should be directed to NEW TIMES, One Park Avenue, New York, New York, 10016.

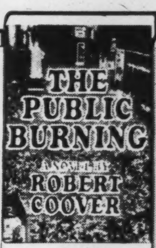
Any 4 for $1 with The Literary Guild's no-time-limit membership.


DELTA of VENUS
EROTICA BY
ANAÏS NIN
2386 $10.00

LOOKING OUT FOR
#1
Robert J. Ringer
Author of WINNING THROUGH INTIMIDATION
4341 $9.95


Lawrence Sanders
THE SECOND DEADLY SIN
5769 $9.95


Philip Roth
The Professor of Desire
3764 $8.95

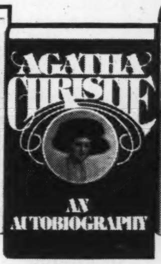

THE PUBLIC BURNING
A NOVEL BY
ROBERT COOVER
3343 $12.50

IRWIN SHAW
Beggar-man, Thief
THE SEQUEL TO Rich Man, Poor Man
4044 $9.95

Marina & Lee
Priscilla Johnson McMillan
2956 $15.00

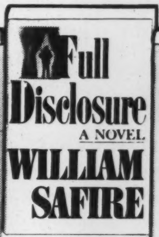
All Things Wise and Wonderful
James Herriot
4283 $10.00

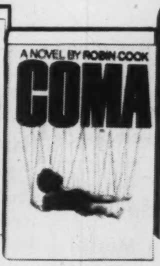
Oliver's STORY
ERICH SEGAL
author of LOVE STORY
7351 $7.95


AGATHA CHRISTIE
AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY
2212 $15.00

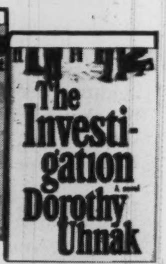
THE THORN BIRDS
Colleen McCullough
7518 $9.95

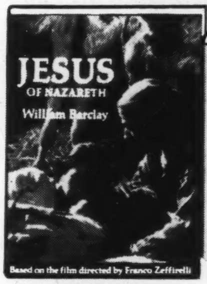
Shall We Tell the President?
Jeffrey Archer
4028 $8.95

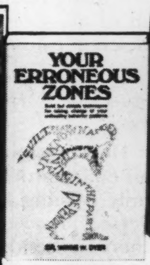

Full Disclosure
A NOVEL
WILLIAM SAFIRE
6130 $10.95

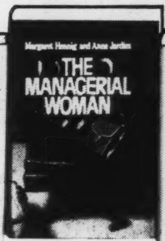

A NOVEL BY ROBIN COOK
COMA
7500 $8.95

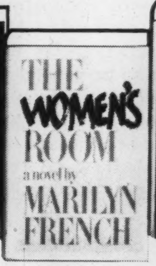
THE IMMIGRANTS
Howard Fast
5777 $9.95

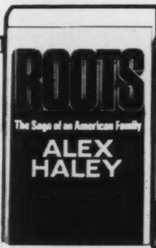

The Investigation
a novel
Dorothy Uhnak
4770 $9.95


JESUS OF NAZARETH
William Barclay
Based on the film directed by Franco Zeffirelli
2352 $14.95


YOUR ERRONEOUS ZONES
DR. WAYNE W. DYER
9779 $6.95


Margaret Hennig and Anne Jardim
THE MANAGERIAL WOMAN
2139 $7.95


THE WOMEN'S ROOM
a novel by
MARILYN FRENCH
4465 $10.95


ROOTS
The Saga of an American Family
ALEX HALEY
0943 $12.50

WHISKEY MAN
HOWELL RAINES
1982 $8.95

IMPRESSIONISM
6163 $17.50

FREE TOTE with membership

Here's how The Literary Guild works:

You get top best sellers at up to 40% off publishers' edition prices. After your membership's accepted, you get your 4 books for only $1, plus shipping and handling. If you are not completely satisfied, return them within 10 days and we will cancel your membership and you owe nothing. About every 4 weeks (14 times a year) you'll be offered dozens of exciting best sellers at up to 40% off through your free copy of The Literary Guild Magazine. In addition, up to 4 times a year, you may receive offers of special selections, always at discounts off publishers' prices.

You never have to buy a minimum number of books a year. Only buy four more during your membership, after which you may cancel anytime. If you want the selection featured in the magazine or the special selection, do nothing, it will be shipped to you automatically. If you want an alternate, or no book, return the order form marked with your preference, by the date specified. You always will have at least 10 days to make a decision. If you get an unwanted selection because you had less than 10 days, return it at our expense. There is a shipping and handling charge on all books shipped. The Guild offers its own complete, hardbound editions, sometimes altered in size to fit special presses and save members even more.

The Literary Guild

Dept. PR 305, Garden City, N.Y. 11530

Please accept my application for membership in The Literary Guild. I have printed the order numbers of the 4 books or sets I want in the boxes below, and agree to the membership plan described in the ad. Bill me only $1 plus shipping and handling. I understand that I need buy only 4 more books, at regular low club prices, whenever I want them. Also, send a FREE tote bag, mine to keep whether or not I remain a member.

NOTE: All prices quoted are for publishers' editions. First number listed below each book is the order number.

Mr.
Mrs. ____________________
Miss (Please Print)

Address ____________________ Apt. ________

City ____________________

State ____________________ Zip ________

Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only. Canadian members will be serviced from Toronto. Offer slightly different in Canada. 02-G383

LETTERS

Puerto Rico, here we come

The Insider of December 9 contained a report from Puerto Rico on an outbreak of dengue fever, a viral disease carried by mosquitoes. After receiving complaints about the item from the Puerto Rico Tourism Company, we called the U.S. Center for Disease Control in Atlanta and received the reply that follows. Its message seems to be, make your reservations now, and don't even bother with the Cutter's:

The recent outbreak of dengue in Puerto Rico has subsided, thus considerably reducing the previous existing small risk of infection for travelers to this area. Although precautions against insect bites should continue to be taken for the traveler's comfort and safety, the chances of developing dengue appear to be remote.

Laughing on the outside. . .

Thank you for giving Sam Merrill the space his piece, "The Hollywood Laugh Track," required, and thanks to the writer for turning out one of the best examples of magazine journalism I've read (January 9). Merrill gets away with something that many journalists attempt and few do well: the insertion of the writer's presence into the material. The "I" of his piece plays an important role, reporting word for embarrassing word what television's "writers" have to say for themselves.

William S. Klein
Bronxville, New York

Your comedy double issue was very disappointing. I have enjoyed a number of past articles on entertainment personalities in the pages of New Times. Lately, however, you seem preoccupied with the cocktail partygoing ego-trippers in New York.

Congratulations to Lawrence Wright for his fine article on Judge Frank Johnson ("Atticus Finch Goes to Washington," December 9). Unfortunately your January 9 issue focused more on Arte Johnson.

Charles Bauman
San Francisco, California

Your January 9 issue on comedy gave me the proverbial tour de farce of the current comedy scene. Sam Merrill's article on the new McLuhan-reared sit-com writers was alternately hilarious and chilling. One cavil—your coverage of the New York City comedy showcases did not mention there are comparable breeding grounds elsewhere ("Comedy's Valley Forge"). Here in San Francisco there is a comedy renaissance in progress. Clubs (Holy City Zoo, The City) feature comedy shows several nights a week. A crop of comedians from this area was harvested last spring (Robin Williams, Bill Rafferty, Jim Giovanni, Toad the Mime, Nancy Bleiweiss). These and forthcoming San Francisco graduates should have as big an impact as did S.F. greats from the early sixties (Mort Sahl, Phyllis Diller, The Smothers Brothers, Jonathan Winters).

Andrew Teton
San Francisco, California

But of Coors

I'm not sure whether Sam Merrill knows that there is a long (and bloody) strike and boycott against the Coors Breweries going on right now or not, but if he isn't, he should have been.

When Merrill writes that he'd like to picture himself ". . . sipping a Coors on the sun deck of a Malibu beach house . . ." in a popular, national magazine, it has to be viewed as damaging to the people on the front lines of this labor dispute. I think that the editors should have been aware of that, and I believe that theirs was the responsibility for deleting that passage, in all fairness to the strikers.

Bill Mantlo
New York City

Editor's Note: Please have a Bud on us.

The Light and the Truth

I should think that a publication that calls itself New Times would feel a responsibility toward the world, its people, and the New Age of which spiritually-conscious people everywhere are aware and are trying to bring into being.

Certainly those who care must be responsible to present the Truth to ourselves and to others, and must further be responsible for making damn sure we support what good conscientious effort is being done in this world.

By maligning my community ("The Devil In Massachusetts," November 25), a community based on love, trust, brotherhood, true effort and positive being, you are showing yourselves to be as ignorant, irresponsible and corrupt as the world which we all have created up till now.

Let us attempt to right the wrongs which have been done and learn to live together in Peace, Harmony and Forgiveness.

Jacqueline Odess
A Member of the Renaissance Church and
The Renaissance Community
Turners Falls, Massachusetts

Humorous UFOs

As a nuclear physicist and space scientist, I would like to nominate Tim Ferris' sidesplitting parody, "We Are All Alone" (January 9), as the funniest article in your comedy issue. It takes a skillful satirist indeed to make his point by humorously presenting the exact opposite viewpoint from that which a sober article would have provided. Obviously Mr. Ferris must have done his homework in examining the overwhelming evidence that has convinced a majority of engineers and scientists that UFOs are indeed real. I wonder how many readers noted the funniest cut of all—presenting the article as a "Science" column.

Stanton T. Friedman
Hayward, California

How primitive of New Times to print an entire article saying that we're the only existing life in this endless universe. Tim Ferris has to realize that there is no end; there must be countless life forces.

But all are entitled to their own understandings. Remember when the world was flat?

Becky Sykes
Niles, Michigan

Recycled fwow up

Are you sure that Dorothy Parker described Shirley Temple as someone who makes Dorothy "want to fwow up" (Movies, January 9)? Parker did tell her "Constant Readers" on October 20, 1928, "And it is that word 'hummy,' my darlings, that marks the first place in *The House at Pooh Corner* at which Tonstant Weader fwowed up."

I doubt Miss Parker recycled her punchlines.

Margaret Engel
Des Moines, Iowa

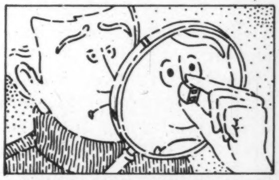
Editor's Note: Richard Corliss is in the fwoes of self-doubt and is fwashing himself for not being able to reply.

ARE YOU BLAMING YOUR TAPE RECORDER FOR PROBLEMS CAUSED BY YOUR TAPES?

Every day people all over the country go into hi fi dealers with complaints about their tape recorders.

When in reality what they should be complaining about is their tapes.

Because the fact is, a lot of the problems that plague tape recorders can be attributed to bad tape.



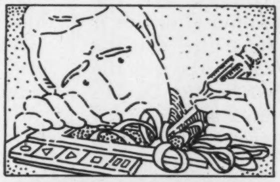
HEAD WEAR IS CAUSED BY YOUR RECORDER. OR IS IT?

If you have to clean your tape heads more than usual, for example, it could be your tape doesn't have a special nonabrasive head cleaner.

Maxell has one.

If your recorder jams, it can be any number of things. Maxell does something to prevent all of them.

We make our cassette shells of high impact polystyrene. And then so they won't crack even after years of use, we finish them to tolerances as much as 60% higher than industry standards.



JAMMING IS CAUSED BY YOUR RECORDER. OR IS IT?

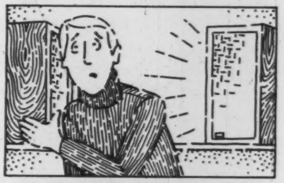
Inside, we use free rolling Delrin rollers so the tape doesn't stick.

And finally, we screw instead of weld everything together because screws make for stronger cassettes.

If your recorder frequently suffers lapses in sound, it could be the tape is of inferior quality. And nobody's bothered testing the tape for dropouts before it leaves the factory.

DROPOUTS ARE CAUSED BY YOUR RECORDER. OR ARE THEY?

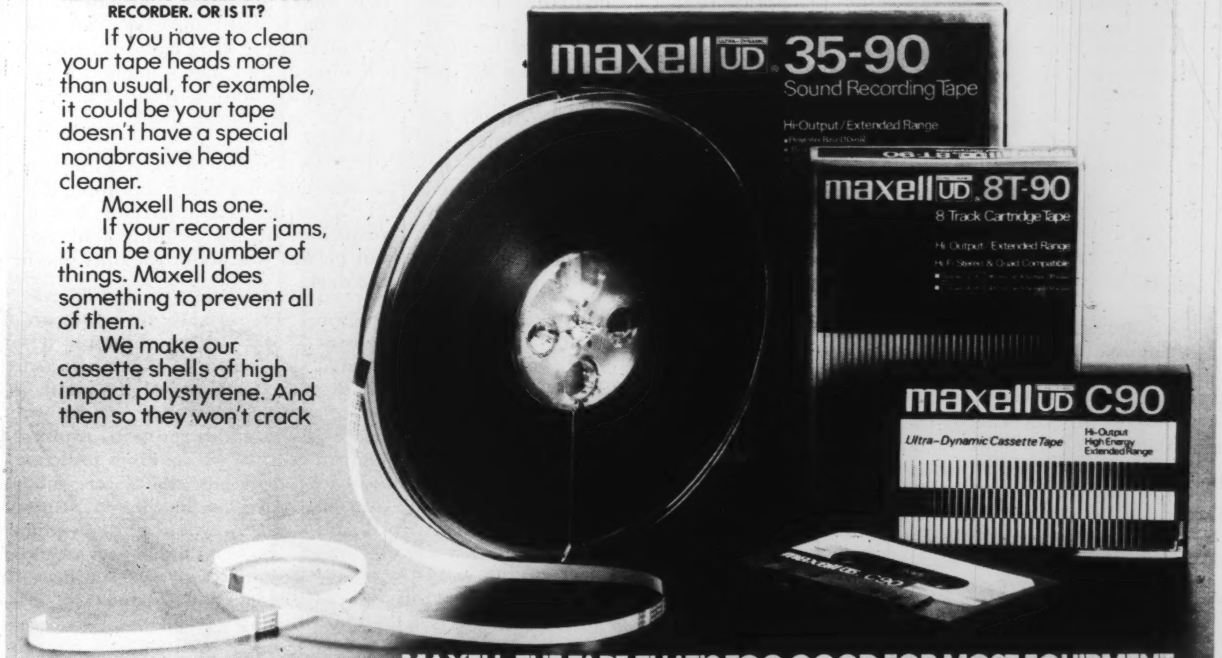
Maxell tape is made of only the finest polyesters. And then every step of the way it's checked for even the slightest inconsistencies.



POOR TRACKING IS CAUSED BY YOUR RECORDER. OR IS IT?

So if you're having problems with your recorder, try a Maxell cassette, 8-track or reel-to-reel tape.

You might find there's really nothing wrong with your tape recorder, just with your tape.


maxell UD 35-90
Sound Recording Tape
Hi-Output / Extended Range
maxell UD 8T-90
8 Track Cartridge Tape
Hi Output Extended Range
Hi Fi Stereo & Quad Compatible
maxell UD C90
Ultra-Dynamic Cassette Tape
Hi-Output
High Energy
Extended Range

MAXELL. THE TAPE THAT'S TOO GOOD FOR MOST EQUIPMENT.

Maxell Corporation of America, 130 West Commercial Ave., Moonachie, New Jersey 07074.

Crime/by Peter S. Greenberg

THIRTEEN WAYS TO LEAVE YOUR LOVER

When Francine Hughes, a Lansing, Michigan, housewife, couldn't take any more beatings from her husband, she poured gasoline around his bed and set fire to her beloved while he was sleeping. When she was acquitted of murdering him (the defense claimed justifiable homicide) one attorney at the controversial trial predicted the verdict might result in "an open season on men."

Sure enough, the next weekend, three women shot their husbands to death in the Chicago area.

Soon after, an eight-man, four-woman jury in Rockford, Illinois, acquitted Bernestine Taylor, 30, in the stabbing death of her husband after a host of defense witnesses testified that she had undergone serious physical abuse for nine years.

In the meantime, more than a dozen similar cases around the country have seemingly extended the acceptable definition of self-defense, and while no new legal precedent has been established, some court observers think women are getting away with murder.

Obviously, they have not examined the particulars of the Hargis murder in San Diego. In the Hargis case (which ended this month), there was no history of abuse, and no cause for self-defense. Nevertheless, the premeditated murder will surely be recorded as one of the most poorly planned homicides in history. And David Hargis, who was eventually killed by his wife and her girlfriend, surely holds an honored place as one of history's more durable victims.

As usual, the murder motive was simple: money. Hargis, a Marine drill instructor in San Diego, was young (23), handsome, well-liked and considered a good grunt by his superiors. Carol, his wife, was 13 years his senior and was finding married life a little too restrictive. The couple was in serious debt, and even the minimum monthly credit-card payments had gotten out of hand. (In fact, Sergeant Hargis had recently reenlisted—to get an extra salary bonus—just to pay their immediate bills.) Besides, Carol was having a quiet affair with a bartender.

She saw his death, court records later indicated, as a way of solving both problems. Since all the debts were in his name, Carol reasoned that the creditors could not come after her if David died. His departure for the hereafter would free her to be with the bartender. An added bonus: David's $20,000 Marine life insurance policy.

But Carol didn't want to kill David herself, so her first plot was to hire her neighbor, Mary Depew, to smash her car into David as he left the apartment. When Mary declined the $1,000 offer, Carol came up with a better one: in return for half the insurance (in this case the payoff would be $40,000—double indemnity), Mary helped Carol plan David's demise. And, as they soon found out, it wasn't an easy task to accomplish.

Plot Number Two: Death by tarantula. Believe it or not, the couple had a pet spider that they kept locked in a terrarium in the kitchen. The plan: Put the tarantula in David's bed, and later claim that the lid to the terrarium was inadvertently left open by one of the children. The plot failed because the ladies later discovered that *this* spider was not the poisonous kind.

Plot Number Three: Death by tarantula poison. Mary got another spider, dissected it, and removed the insect's venom sac. She froze it, inserted it into the center of a large blackberry pie and served it one night for dessert. But the poison discolored the middle of the baked delight, and David did not eat that portion.

Plot Number Four: Death by brake failure. Mary Depew planned to crawl under David's small Ford pickup truck and disconnect anything she could find. But then they had a better idea.

Plot Number Five: Death by French toast. Mary bought a number of tabs of acid. Carol ground the LSD down and mixed it in David's French toast batter. Unfortunately David wasn't hungry that morning.

Plot Number Six: Death by toaster in the shower. Carol scraped the insulation off a small toaster and planned to throw it in the bathtub while David was showering. This plot was abandoned without reason.

Plot Number Seven: Death by bullets—in the carburetor. Mary planned to put a number of bullets in the carburetor of David's truck, hoping perhaps that they might explode. This plot was also abandoned, as were plots eight, nine and ten: death by lye poisoning, stabbing and shooting.

Plot Number Eleven: Death by air bubble. Mary, an admitted junkie, decided that the best way to kill David was to shoot a bubble of air into his veins with a hypodermic syringe. But the tip of the syringe broke shortly before the women were to administer the fatal injection.

Plot Number Twelve: Death by beer. Carol ground up ten downer tablets and dropped them into David's can of Coors, shortly before he went to bed one evening. Three hours later they snuck into the bedroom to retrieve the telltale empty beer can, only to find that the drug had dropped out of solution and had remained harmlessly on the bottom of the can. Needless to say, David awoke the next morning.

At this point, many of you might be wondering what David was doing during all of this. He apparently had no suspicions of any pending foul play, but he was just about the only one in the dark.

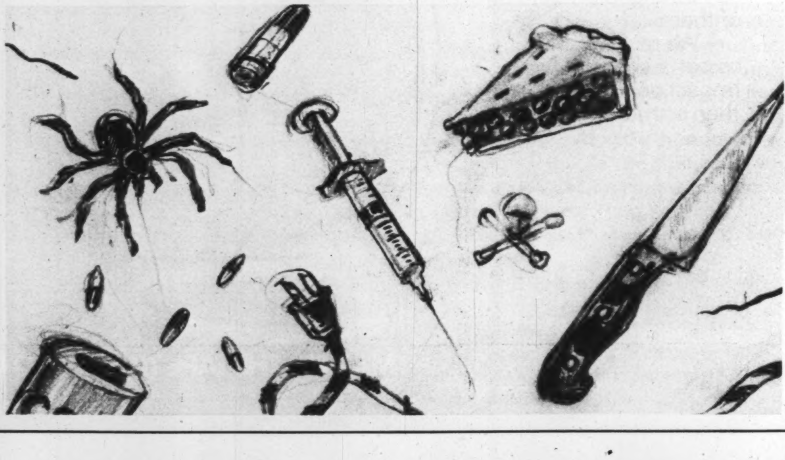


ILLUSTRATION BY CATHY BARANCIK

Carol and Mary often casually discussed their murder plans within earshot of a frequent babysitter for Carol's two children. When the sitter told David of the plots, he allegedly brushed them aside. And that night, the thirteenth plot was carried out.

Finally, in desperation, and presumably out of embarrassment at the failure of their previous twelve death schemes, the women resorted to a tried and true method: bludgeoning.

The actual murder was as botched as all the earlier plots. On the night of the murder, Carol and Mary drank beer until 1:00 a.m. Then, while the children slept, Mary entered David's bedroom, armed with a 6.5-pound metal window weight tied to a piece of rope.

"I entered the room and stood there for about one minute," Depew later confessed. "I said, 'I'm sorry, Dave,' but then I walked out. I couldn't bring myself to hurt him. He looked so peaceful, lying there sleeping.

"I walked out of the bedroom, and Carol said, 'It's got to be done tonight.' I took some pills and drank some beer to relax. I reentered the room. I said, 'I'm sorry,' and without realizing it, I hit him. I just kept on hitting him."

Depew left the bedroom, then heard David Hargis call out his wife's name.

"I rested my head on Carol's shoulder and was crying. She said, 'Don't worry. Everything's going to work out OK.' I went back and hit him again."

She hit him at least twelve more times, and Hargis suffered numerous skull fractures, extensive bruising of the brain, at least two fractures of the voice box, and abrasions of the shoulder, lower back and hip.

The attack left the bedroom a bloody mess. Each flailing of the window weight sent sprays of blood racing up the wall and onto the ceiling.

To prevent further bleeding, Carol opened her jewelry box and took out some cotton, and Mary used some yellow vinyl tape (from her car repair kit) to keep the cotton in place.

They wrapped his head in a towel, and then dressed the body in a red plaid shirt, blue jacket, white corduroy pants and black combat boots. They tied David's wrists to his belt loops with shoelaces and dragged him out of the house in a yellow bedsheet. Depew put Hargis in the truck and drove north 35 miles, where she dumped the body off a bridge and onto a dry riverbed. "After I threw the body off," Depew explained, "I got back into the truck, and just then I remembered that I didn't pull the tape off his ears."

In the meantime, Carol was doing an equally mediocre job of concealing evidence. She was working furiously trying to get the bloodstains off the wall. It wasn't working, so she ran to the garage and got white touch-up paint to dab the blood spots. Then she washed much of the evidence—her flannel nightgown, a wash cloth, pillow cases—three times.

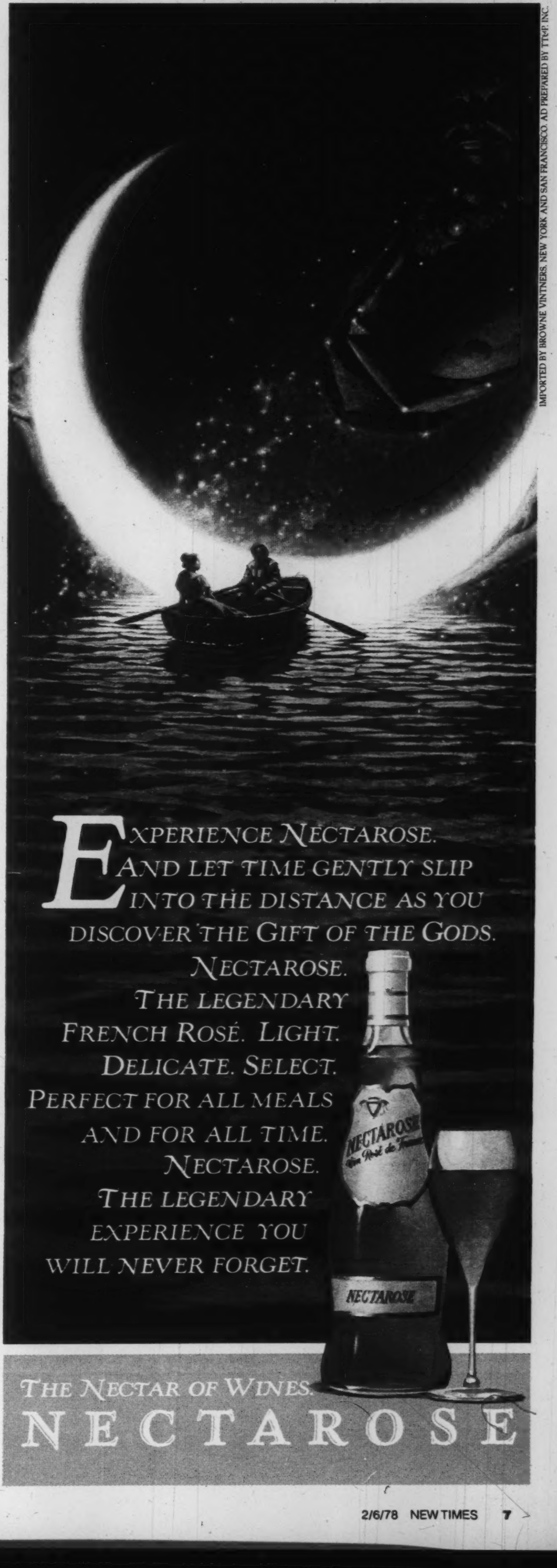
When Mary returned, there was so much blood still left in the truck that the women were observed washing it three times—at 3:30 in the morning.

Finally, just before sunrise, they called the police with a story that David had disappeared; they were put on hold. (Thinking that they couldn't be overheard while waiting, Mary and Carol discussed their coverup plan in detail. But all calls to the department are customarily recorded, and this tape was later played at the trial.)

When the police found the body a few hours later, it had become a case that even Inspector Clouseau could have handled.

"Their story was almost as dumb as their plot," explained Deputy District Attorney Louis Boyle, who prosecuted the case. "I've never seen a murder botched this badly before." Neither had Superior Court Judge William T. Low. "Putting bullets in the carburetor," he said "I have heard a lot of murder cases, but I've never heard that one before."

Both women are facing life sentences. ●



© 1978 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

People ask me if I really enjoy smoking.
Menthol Fresh
Salem
Salem
100's
Menthol Fresh
Salem
Filter Cigarettes

I do. Because my cigarette is Salem. Salem gives me more of the flavor I want from a cigarette, plus fresh menthol. Isn't it time you enjoyed Salem?

Enjoy Salem Flavor.

KING: 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine, 100's: 18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Party Lines/by Robert Shrum

RACIST TESTS: THE HIDDEN ISSUE OF *BAKKE*

On many public issues, the vocabulary is the reality; the labels become the popular logic. Thus, the opponents of special admissions to higher education already have gained critical ground by stamping the entire question with the tidy label of "reverse discrimination"—a concept opposed, not surprisingly, by 83 percent of Americans in a recent survey.

Indeed, most of the comment, pro and con, on Allan Bakke's Supreme Court suit against the University of California–Davis Medical School (for rejecting him while admitting blacks with "inferior" credentials) simply takes it as a given that special admissions in fact means special consideration for less qualified minority students. Cast in these terms, the case for such programs is hopeless, if not in the Supreme Court, then certainly in the court of public opinion. If the Court should decide to uphold special admissions, white parents will ask angrily why some of their children should lose the chance to compete on equal terms to become doctors, lawyers, professors and businessmen—the economic elite of society—in reparation for a racism for which they bear no personal responsibility. It is a hard question.

But it also begs a more basic question: are the "objective" measures of student qualifications really that, or are they instead discriminatory, inaccurate or even irrelevant? In *Bakke*, these standards themselves are now at issue before the Supreme Court due to several *amicus* briefs filed by interested groups, particularly the Black Law Students Association of the Berkeley Law School.

By its silence on the matter, the University of California in effect defends special provisions for minorities because minority applicants *do* fall short by "objective" standards. But David White of Berkeley's Childhood and Government Project, a leading authority on test bias and co-author of the Association's brief, notes that "there is a wealth of evidence to choose from proving the invalidity of the MCAT," the national multiple-choice test for medical school applicants.

In a recent survey of students who took the MCAT, White reports, 61 percent agreed that its "content is oriented toward white middle-class culture." The mean score of blacks on the test is 120 points lower than that of whites. Does this mean that blacks will do less well in medical school? Studies at Harvard and the University of California–San Francisco have shown virtually no relationship between MCAT scores and medical school grades. What's more, according to White, studies of interns and of doctors in practice have found a *negative* correlation between MCAT scores and performance in clinical situations. The Black Law Student Association brief concludes: "If an admissions committee were to follow literally the implications of studies relating MCAT scores to physician performance, it should prefer candidates with lower scores."

Medical schools themselves recognize the limits of the MCAT. Interviews play a heavy role in admission decisions. So does age. Allan Bakke was 32 when he first applied to Davis' Medical School. He had higher test scores and grades than the average *white* students who were admitted. Bakke was also rejected by 11 other medical schools, all of which tended to accept applicants with high MCAT's, high grades and low ages. In other words, even if there had been no special admissions, Bakke probably still would not have made it into any medical school. He simply is not, as the popular image now has him, a superbly talented white displaced just to make room for a marginal black.

While the University of California ignored the testing issue in *Bakke*, other academic groups, with a stake in standardized tests, filed *amicus* briefs defending the tests' validity. In its brief, the Association of American Law Schools insists that the LSAT is accurate, and that in fact minorities *are* less qualified. To prove the point, the Law School Admissions Council, which administers the LSAT, prepared a study of law school applicants in 1976. Without special admissions, the study's director, Franklin Evans, said, the percentage of blacks among first-year law students would have dropped from 5.3 to 2 percent. But David White discovered a table, buried in the back of the study, showing, in his words, that "if admissions had been determined on undergraduate grades without the LSAT, there would be more minority students in law school today than there are with the LSAT and special admissions." The table reports that 10 percent of black applicants had an academic average over 3.2, but only 3 percent had an LSAT over 600, and only 1 percent had both. By contrast, white applicants did equally well in both grades and test scores. "This is," says White, "the most

SAY NO TO RACISM!
OVERTURN THE
BAKKE DECISION

WIDE WORLD

You scrutinize your hotel the same way you do your Pouilly Fuissé.

We designed The Stanford Court for you.

Photographed at the Stanford Court

The STANFORD COURT
Hôtel on San Francisco's Nob Hill

For people who understand the subtle differences.

For reservations anywhere in the U.S. except California call toll free (800) 227-4736.
In San Francisco call (415) 989-3500. Elsewhere in California call toll free (800) 622-0957.
Member of Hotel Representative, Inc. and Preferred Hotels Association.

DAVID GALE, President
Mini Computer Business Applications,
Los Angeles

"Before I read *Dianetics* I had plenty of ideas but I never seemed to ARRIVE.

"Then I used what was in this book and I became more at ease with myself and life. I no longer had to fight things inside my own head. I felt I could do what I wanted to do.

"So I started a company. That was 3 years ago. Today it is a thriving million dollar business with international customers.

"Being able to concentrate better was one of the key things I gained from *Dianetics*. I can put my full attention on one project, put it down and pick up something else, or do six different things in rapid fire sequence—all without getting upset or distracted.

"I don't waste time worrying any more either. Instead of spending 55 minutes out of every hour worrying and thinking I spend FIVE minutes of every hour thinking and 55 minutes DOING what I want to do!

"I think *Dianetics* is the single most important book about the mind that's ever been written. It shows you how to clear away the things that prevent you from being yourself. It shows you how to realize your own potential. That's what it did for me."

"I realized my own potential by reading *Dianetics*."

Dianetics, the Modern Science of Mental Health **by L. Ron Hubbard has been a national bestseller 27 years for just 2 reasons:**
(1) It makes sense.
(2) It works.
Find out for yourself how *Dianetics* has helped so many people lead more satisfying lives.

Buy it. Read it. Use it.

550 pages. $10 hardback. $2 paperback. Get *Dianetics* at your nearest bookstore. For more information or to order by mail, write:

Publications Organization
Church of Scientology of California
2723 W. Temple St., Los Angeles, CA 90026

Dept. NT-2
Publications Organization
Church of Scientology of California
2723 W. Temple St., Los Angeles, CA 90026

All orders shipped within 24 hours, postage paid.

☐ Please send me____copies of *Dianetics, The Modern Science of Mental Health* by L. Ron Hubbard in hardback ($10/copy) and____copies in paperback ($2/copy). I enclose $________(check/cash/money order).

☐ Please send me more information on Dianetics.

Name____________________
Address____________________
City__________State______Zip______

Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

Copyright © 1950, 1977, 1978 by L. Ron Hubbard. All rights reserved. The Church of Scientology of California is a non-profit organization. Scientology® and Dianetics® are registered names. Scientology is an applied religious philosophy.

dramatic, persuasive evidence ever of the independent racial bias of the LSAT." Without the LSAT and without special admissions, the 12 top law schools could accept twice as many blacks and Hispanics annually with college averages above 3.2.

The traditional rationale for relying on standardized tests is that schools differ and grades are therefore unreliable. But in 1974, Law School Admissions Council President Frederick Hart told the House Education Subcommittee that grades are "normally a better predictor of law school performance than is the LSAT."

When the California Supreme Court heard *Bakke* in 1976, the vote was 6 to 1 against special admissions. In his dissent, Justice Matthew Tobriner suggested that the data on test bias "might well have justified a revamping of the school's admission policies for all applicants"—that inaccurate testing puts individual whites as well as minorities at a disadvantage, even if it is biased for whites as a *group*. At minimum, Tobriner contended, special admissions was constitutionally valid as "a first step" toward a fairer system.

Instead, the University of California, where *Bakke* began, is moving in the opposite direction, even before the Supreme Court decides the case. The Education School at Berkeley has abolished its special Black, Asian and Chicano Urban Programs, even though minorities make up 30 percent of California's public school students, but only 10 percent of its teachers.

And last September, the University's Board of Regents voted 13 to 12 to increase the use of standardized tests in undergraduate admissions. As a result, significant numbers of minority students now will be rejected who would have been accepted a year ago. Governor Jerry Brown was one of the twelve regents who voted against increased reliance on the tests (noting that he didn't believe in them, having never done well on them himself). When one professor suggested that the regents should have "faith" in the faculty's reliance on the tests, Brown replied that they were talking about "a university, not a church." Later, he added that his hunch was that "the reason for the University's use of multiple-choice, computerized tests is administrative convenience."

The tests are also a convenient form of covert racism. And for the Supreme Court to find special admissions unconstitutional would add insult to the injury. In that event, minorities would face an Orwellian situation in which testing "proved" racial inferiority, with the only means of compensating for test bias struck down as racial discrimination. ●

Open the door to the future!

Yes, I want to enter the world of NEW TIMES.

Send me: ☐ 19 issues, $9.50. That's half the regular newsstand price.
☐ I prefer 26 issues (1 year), $13.00. I save $13.00.

Mr./Ms. (Please print)

Address Apt.

City

State Zip

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later
(please mail card in envelope)

Additional postage: Canadian residents please add $2.00 per year. Outside U.S. and Canada add $5.00 per year.

4D15

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT #52
BOULDER,
COLORADO

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
NO POSTAGE STAMP NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY

NewTimes

P.O. BOX 2471
BOULDER, CO. 80321

Get ready for the 1980s

Get ready for the 1980s

If you put your ear to the ground, you can hear the 1980s heading this way.

We know, because keeping an ear to the ground is one of the things New Times does best. Maybe better than any other magazine.

Something new is taking shape out there—a whole new mood, new ways of life, a new range of individual choices—and New Times is uniquely tuned in to it.

Every issue, we dig deeper into the things that are happening *now* that are going to determine how you will live in the years to come.

Ear-to-the-ground journalism

Subscribe to New Times (at just half the newsstand price) and we promise to be your ear to the ground. We'll help you recognize and understand and join the 1980s before most people even know they're coming.

Because New Times doesn't just report the surface of the news. We're down underneath, at the heart of what's happening. Our antennae are out to catch nuances and vibes other news magazines miss.

For instance, our story on "America's Killer Water" was a clear-eyed look at a disaster-in-the-making that most people are afraid to face.

Our special issue on "The Future" was an audacious search for meanings and portents in everything from genetic engineering to sexual crossovers, from lasers and the science of aging to coping with leisure.

Stick-to-your-ribs journalism

In this day of fast-food reporting, New Times is one magazine that will stick to your ribs.

We're fanatics for research. For probing down and in and around. We take the time and space to write at length on stories that really matter. Like our full-length, closer-than-you-ever-got profile of Andy Young. Or our diagnosis of America's 85-pound-a-year sugar habit... our story on the freaky phenomenon of kiddie porn... our complete issue on Jimmy Carter's New South. Nourishing, in-depth journalism.

Because understanding doesn't come in quick takes. And understanding is what New Times is all about.

Does that mean we're only concerned with the big life-and-death issues? Not at all.

The beat of the times

New Times catches the beat of your times... the life and pulse of a culture that's changing so fast it's hard to keep up.

Music. Movies. Books. Alternative lifestyles. Love. Environment. The new religions and cults. Rare new ideas. Our spectrum is broad, our curiosity is downright insatiable.

Start reading New Times now and you're going to know what's coming a long time before most people.

Send in the attached card to take advantage of any of our special introductory offers... all at only half the regular $1.00 newsstand rate. For example, 26 issues (one full year) for just $13.00. We guarantee you the right to renew your subscription at half the prevailing newsstand price—*forever.*

Plunge into the 1980s along with New Times. Mail the card today.

For immediate service call toll free: (800) 247-2160. In Iowa call 1-800-362-2860

New Times
The magazine of the '80s

Le Car of the Year

Introducing the '78 version of the car that doubled sales in '77

The small car of the future is here today. We've combined innovative design and engineering with exceptional comfort, performance and economy to create a totally new kind of car.

Detroit's idea of a small car vs. Le Car's idea of a small car.

Le Car is not a big car scaled down to be a small car. We didn't leave features off, we added features on. The result is a car with a solid, well-made feel. An exciting, responsive car that is fun to drive.

Le Car comes with front-wheel drive, rack and pinion steering, four-wheel independent suspension and Michelin steel-belted radials, all standard. Chevette, Rabbit and Honda Civic don't.

Front-wheel drive gives Le Car better traction and stability. What it doesn't give you is a drive shaft tunnel. So that bulge in the middle of the car is gone forever, and four adults can ride in what may be the most comfortable seats this side of a luxury sedan.

While you won't have to race Le Car around a track to appreciate its incredible handling and cornering, others have. During the first 6 months of 1977 Le Car has amassed a total of 57 first, second and third place finishes in 52 SCCA races.

Comfort and luxury unheard of in a small car.

Le Car's ride is remarkably smooth, even on the roughest roads. One reason for this is a longer wheelbase than any other car in its class. The wheels have been placed at the extreme corners of the car farther away from the passengers.

Another nice touch: the rear seats fold down to give you 96% more luggage space than Civic and 21% more than Chevette. Outside, we've added the biggest sun roof (optional) on any small car. We call it a "fun roof."

Le Car gives you 41 MPG, highway, 26 MPG, city according to 1978 EPA figures. *Remember: These mileage figures are estimates. The actual mileage you get will vary depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and optional equipment.

Come in and test drive a '78 Le Car. You'll discover what over 1½ million people around the world already know. The car of tomorrow is here today. For more information call 800-631-1616 for your nearest dealer. In New Jersey call collect 201-461-6000 or send in this coupon. Prices start at only $3495.†

†P.O.E. East Coast: Price excludes transportation, dealer preparation and taxes. Stripe, Mag wheels, Luggage rack, Sun roof and Rear wiper/washer optional at extra cost. Prices higher in the West.
*California excluded. Renault USA, Inc. ©1977

Renault USA, Inc. NT 2-6
Marketing Department
100 Sylvan Ave., Englewood Cliffs, N.J. 07632
Please send me more information about Le Car of the Year.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City __________ State ______ Zip ______

Le Car by Renault

NewTimes

Publisher
George A. Hirsch

Editor
Jonathan Z. Larsen

General Manager
Louis B. Dotti Jr.

Executive Editor
John Lombardi

Design Direction
Kelley/Weigand

Senior Writer
Robert Sam Anson

Senior Editors
Calvin Fentress Peter W. Kaplan

Associate Editors
Robert Shrum Paul Slansky Tracy Young

Associate Managing Editor
Karen L. Saks

Associate Art Director
Richard Becker

Assistant Editors
Janet Gold Peter M. Lincoln
Jane Prettyman

West Coast Editor
Peter S. Greenberg

Associate West Coast Editor
Susan Lyne

Art Coordinator
Laetitia Kennedy

Art Associate
Patricia Bradbury

Editorial Assistant
Scott Searfoss

Accounting Manager
Miriam S. Ko

Administrative Assistant
Linda Helm

Production Manager
Garry W. Ramo

Assistant Production Manager
Dale R. Sokoloff

Production Assistant
Nancy B. Zucker

Circulation Director
Richard LaMonica

Assistant Circulation Director
Marney Hague

Subscription Sales Manager
Kathi Marks

Circulation Assistant
Jeannette Brandofino
Roberta Levy

Newsstand Sales Manager
Margaret Hamilton

Publicity
Helen Bransford

Associate Publisher
Nicholas H. Niles

Advertising Director
William S. David

Advertising Representatives
John Abbott John Cabell Jeanne Joyce
Eric Leins Liz Browne Mendel Bobbi Van

Advertising Assistants
Monica Raybon Dolores Slayton
Rochelle List

Chicago
The Pattis Group

Los Angeles
Tony Hoyt & Associates

Detroit
Richard Hartle Associates

Contributing Writers

David Black, Richard Corliss, Stephen Diamond, Michael Drosnin, Marshall Frady, Mark Goodman, Scott Kaufer, Andrew Kopkind, Jesse Kornbluth, Arthur Lubow, Sam Merrill, Jim Miller, Michael Parfit, Roger Rapoport, Marjorie Rosen, Ron Rosenbaum, Ruth Rosenbaum, Marcia Seligson, Stephen Singular, Robert Ward, Craig Waters, Geoffrey Wolff, Michael Wolff, Lawrence Wright

Correspondents

Washington, D.C.: Arthur Hadley, David Murray, Nina Totenberg; **California:** Phil Jordan (Sacramento), John Mankiewicz (Los Angeles); Bill Ritter (San Diego); Joel Kotkin (Hollywood); Paul Grabowicz (Berkeley); **Colorado:** Ivan Goldman (Aspen); Rosemary Cowles (Boulder) **Georgia:** Gregory Jaynes (Atlanta); **Illinois:** Paul Engleman, Mick Zielenziger (Chicago); **Indiana:** Rick Lyman (Gary), Tom Cochrun (Indianapolis); **Iowa:** John Bowermaster (Des Moines); **Kentucky:** Laer Pearce (Louisville); **Massachusetts:** Joseph Dalton (Cambridge); **Michigan:** Laura Berman (Detroit); **New York:** Larry Frederick, Debra Weiner (New York City); **North Carolina:** Frye Gaillard (Charlotte), Mark Pinsky (Durham), David Zucchino (Raleigh); **Ohio:** John Brady (Cincinnati); Bob Tkacz (Cleveland); **Pennsylvania:** Joe Sharkey (Philadelphia); **Texas:** Harry Hurt III (Houston); **Utah:** David Proctor (Salt Lake City); **Virginia:** Joel Brinkley (Richmond); Ronnie Chappell (South Boston); **Wisconsin:** Elliot Pinsley (Madison)

Feelin' Fresh
Eight Sassy, Sensual Pieces of Refreshing Rock 'N Roll!
Feelin' Fresh
Fresh On Prodigal Records & Tapes
PRODIGAL
© 1978 Motown Record Corporation

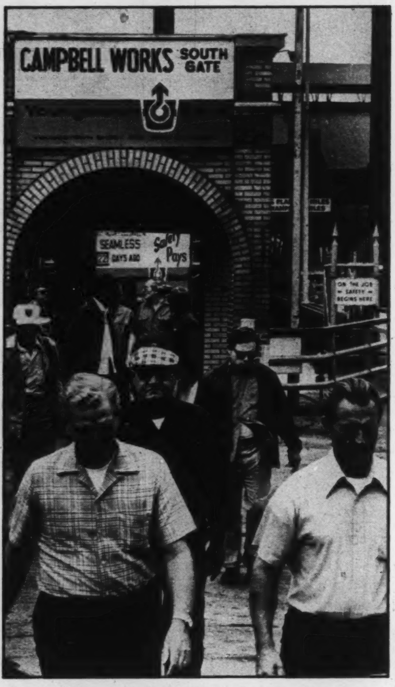
Industry/by Stephen Singular

BIG STEEL'S BIG TROUBLES

"It came like the Deluge," said a newly unemployed steelworker in Campbell, Ohio. Last September 19, Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company announced it would phase out its Campbell Works and transfer its operations to the more modern Indiana Harbor Works near Chicago. The decision sent shock waves through the plant—and through that Ohio community, too. Over the next three months, 5,000 workers were left jobless. Another 2,000 in the Campbell-Youngstown area are likely to be laid off, thanks to the phase-out's ripple effects. Swamped by idle workers, Campbell's economic base is eroding fast: the closing will likely wash out $150 million of Campbell's income and one-third of its municipal revenues. "Nobody around here is defeatist," says a Youngstown union official. "Nobody says Campbell will be a ghost town. We're all going to go out and hustle, but . . . "

The Youngstown shutdown was only the most dramatic steel-industry cutback last year. Bethlehem Steel ended 3,800 jobs in Pennsylvania and 3,500 in New York. Kaiser Steel of California has laid off 2,800 workers since last February. Alan Wood Steel of Pennsylvania went bankrupt, leaving some 3,000 unemployed. Even U.S. Steel, the industry behemoth, has eliminated 2,000 jobs at its Chicago South Works, and announced it will eventually close *its* 5,000-worker Youngstown plant. Overall, the American steel industry is now operating at only three-fourths capacity, and some 60,000 steelworkers are idle. The Deluge, indeed.

What has happened to the once firmly girded U.S. steel companies? Industry spokesmen and most officials of the United Steelworkers of America (USWA) blame the flood of layoffs on the nation's ever increasing steel imports. In 1975, 13 percent of the steel sold in the U.S. was manufactured abroad; only two years later, that figure had risen to 20 percent. The biggest share of this market is held by Japan, although Western European nations are close behind—and gaining. Last year foreign countries sold nearly twenty million tons of steel here, in part by "dumping" it on the American market—selling it for $40–$50 a ton less than U.S. manufacturers can. (A ton of U.S.-produced steel now sells for about $350.) Because foreign producers are more efficient, have lower labor costs and receive government subsidies, they are pricing domestic steel companies right out of business—and American steelworkers right out of jobs.



Hearthless: Laid-off Ohio steelers

PAUL R. SCHELL / YOUNGSTOWN VINDICATOR

This foreign invasion infuriates its American victims. U.S. Steel, for example, is demanding retaliatory foreign-import quotas and has filed an antidumping suit against the Japanese, who savored a $13 billion dumping-augmented trade surplus in 1977.

The Carter Administration has also entered the war on dumping. With the support of steel industry and USWA executives, it has prepared a schedule of protectionist "reference prices" designed, according to an Administration spokesman, to help U.S. steel firms "recapture a substantial share of the market lost to imports"; should foreign producers try to sell their steel here below $330 a ton, they would be subject to stiff tariffs. The Administration also has plans to offer the crippled industry a $215 million loan guarantee, additional federal monies to secure borrowing for plant modernization and expansion, tax reductions and benefits, a possible easing of antitrust laws to encourage mergers and joint ventures, and a relaxation of environmental protection standards. In addition, a total of $20 million would be provided for the recovery of communities affected by the cutbacks. The goal of the Administration plan: increasing industry earnings by $900 million in 1978 and putting 25,000 steelworkers back on the job.

But while steel industry executives, most labor chieftains and the Carter Administration concentrate on finding an antidote to the plague of foreign dumping, others argue that the layoff epidemic is caused by a different bug, one that may defy remedy. Many steel union members and officials, especially those who supported dissident candidate Ed Sadlowski in his unsuccessful for the USWA presidency in 1977, blame the industry's plight on the failure of steel companies to modernize their facilities. "It makes corporate sense to blame imports, pollution laws, government regulations, the power of unions, everything that shifts attention away from their own failings," says an ex-steel worker who now works for the union in Chicago. "The industry was a world monopoly from day one. They skimmed off the cream instead of reinvesting their profits in new technology. They didn't modernize. Now they need to be competitive and they aren't."

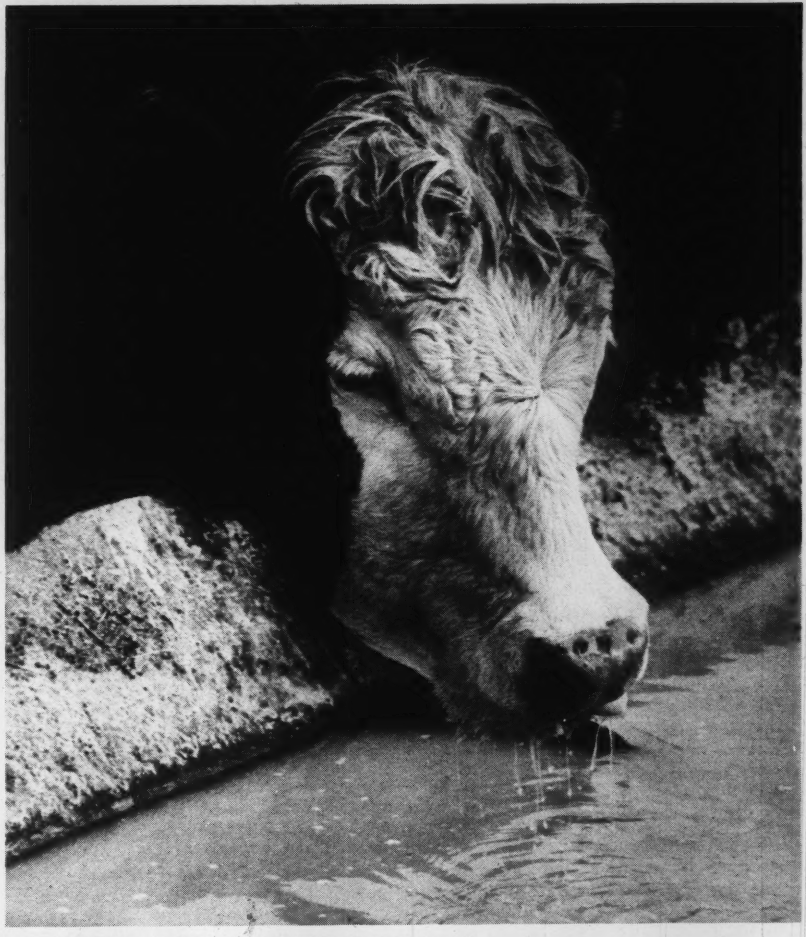
While Japan and Germany were reconstructing their steel plants after the devastation of World War II, American steel companies continued to forge steel in decades-old facilities. Japanese plants are now equipped with relatively new Basic Oxygen Process furnaces, but the Campbell Works, for example, is still outfitted with open-hearth furnaces, 10–11 times *less* efficient than BOPs. And while the American steel industry *has* tried to modernize in some cases, the best time for investment in plant remodeling and expansion is long past. In the first half of 1977, steel-industry profits fell off 88 percent from the previous year's earnings rate. In October, Bethlehem Steel reported the single largest one-quarter loss in American business history: $477 million. As might be expected, the industry's Wall Street credit reports, which make it more or less difficult to borrow, have been getting steadily worse.

What rankles industry and USWA critics further is that inefficient U.S. plants produce steel for which higher and higher prices must be charged. Beset by inflation and determined to maximize profits in the classical way, the steel industry has raised its prices 12 percent last year. Yet there *is* a better way, in the opinion of some analysts. "Our union," says a USWA official in Chicago, "has swallowed the very superficial company argument that high steel prices mean a healthy industry. High volume is much more preferable to the workers, and the company can make a profit either way. High prices mean high profits, but high volume means more jobs." Nevertheless, in late December, U.S. Steel president David Roderick announced that, reference prices or no reference prices, his company would hike prices 5.5 percent. Wheeling-Pittsburg, Bethlehem and Inland had already set higher prices, and now still more companies are expected to play follow the leader.

Critics of the steel companies and the USWA detect a devilish design in the layoffs and price increases. Says Marvin Weinstock, staff representative for District 26 in Youngstown, "There is a concerted effort—call it a conspiracy—of the entire industry to phase out old operations, to retain and improve the profit-making ones, and to reduce the capacity of the American steel industry by as much as 20 percent . . . The steel industry is now doing precisely what the oil industry has done: create a shortage, get all sorts of government guarantees and government protection, and then proceed to rip off the public. In the process, each steelworker will be forced to fight for his job."

Weinstock may be right. A Federal Trade Commission study released in early January advised that reference prices will further drive up the cost of U.S.-made steel. U.S. Steel's Roderick has acknowledged that the industry is now undergoing a "three-phase capacity adjustment," during which some marginal plants and products will "disappear" and upwards of 110,000 workers could be unemployed. And some domestic steel manufacturers are already reporting increased orders; new customers, they say, fear the disruption of foreign supplies. The Justice Department has launched two steel industry investigations, one of possible price-fixing by the major producers of hot-rolled steel, the other of the merger plans of Jones & Laughlin Steel and Youngstown Sheet and Tube, the nation's seventh and eighth largest steel companies.

Meanwhile, Weinstock has urged the USWA to ask the the Justice Department to examine the steel industry's books for evidence of a contrived steel shortage, but he doubts the USWA will take his advice. And those steelworkers who have survived the Deluge thus far are bracing for even more layoffs. "The story now," says a smelter still on the job at Chicago's South Works, "is what happens to the guys." ●



SOME OF AMERICA'S happiest cows live just down the road from Jack Daniel's Distillery.

We distill our whiskey from a mash of America's choicest grain. Then, after distilling, we sell what's left over to neighboring farmers. And they use it in liquid form to fatten up their cows. Thanks to our choice grain, we've got some highly contented cattle here in Moore County. And, we believe, some highly contented customers most everyplace else.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352
Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

4/5 QUART
JACK DANIEL'S
OLD TIME
Old No. 7
BRAND
Tennessee
SOUR MASH
WHISKEY

The Insider

Politics

UPI

Edward Jay Epstein: The phantom blockbuster

Book of the Month Club News

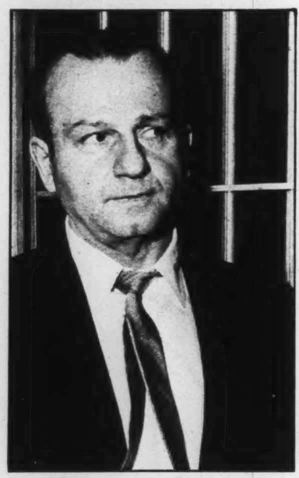
The Ultimate Assassination Book: A Story to Make Your Eyes Roll

Beginning in its March issue, the *Reader's Digest* will retail a new and startling assassination theory from the pen of respected investigative journalist, Edward Jay Epstein. Entitled *Legend: The Secret Life of Lee Harvey Oswald*, the book to follow is a Book-of-the-Month Club selection and is expected to be a major bestseller. The *Digest* certainly hopes so: it spent 500 G's researching the story.

Epstein was assisted in its preparation by two full-time researchers and—at 15 cents a page—ordered most of the 250,000 pages of the Warren Commission documents housed in the National Archives. He traveled to Mexico, reportedly to meet with Uri Nesenko, a KGB agent who defected to the U.S. with the Soviet Oswald file soon after the Kennedy shooting; to Iran, to talk to former CIA chief Richard Helms; to Japan; to Dallas.

Reader's Digest managing editor Fulton Oursler set up an interview for Epstein with George deMohrenschildt in West Palm Beach, Florida, last March. DeMohrenschildt was promised $1,000 a day for a maximum of four days of grilling by Epstein, but committed suicide the second day.

According to various sources, this is the heart of Epstein's thesis: Lee Harvey Oswald was sent by the CIA to a Russian-language school in Monterey, California, then to Japan with the Marines, and then on to the U.S.S.R. There, Oswald posed as a double agent for the KGB, passing on information to the Soviets about our U-2 flights to enhance his turncoat credibility. Epstein also allegedly suggests that the KGB plotted with the Cuban intelligence agency to assassinate JFK.



WIDE WORLD

Jack Ruby: As He Was

WIDE WORLD

Jack Ruby: As He Is?

Epstein's explanation of Oswald's motives for shooting the President remains under tight embargo, but, within 32 hours of the assassination, he reports, the CIA and the KGB sought each other out to arrange to off Oswald. (Apparently communication between the two cloak-and-dagger outfits was not unusual.)

Then—and it all gets harder to swallow at this point—the CIA contacted Ruby and asked him to shoot Oswald. At first Ruby turned down the assignment, explaining, reasonably enough, that he didn't want to spend the rest of his life in jail—or worse. Don't worry, said the Company—we'll help you simulate first cancer, then death, and afterwards slip you to a safe haven.

So, it is said, Ruby agreed, left jail for a hospital, was ultimately declared dead, and watched the world mark his passing while the CIA substituted another body for cremation. In other words, Ruby lives! And if *that's* true, Epstein will have no trouble passing off his book for $12.95—or $129.50. But it couldn't be true. It could *not* be true. It couldn't . . . ●

Brown, Chavez Splitsville Over Grower-Geared Farm Board Choice

The strong political alliance between California Governor Jerry Brown and Cesar Chavez, head of the United Farm Workers Union (UFW), is beginning to break down. Long considered a key to any Brown presidential challenge in 1980, Chavez is now pulling back from the governor, whose administration, he claims, has allowed the state's farm labor law to work in the interests of the state's powerful growers.

Passed and signed in 1975, the farm labor law is the proudest and most touted Brown accomplishment, useful in selling the governor's goods to liberals disgruntled with Sacramento's increasingly conservative drift. But Chavez and other union leaders see Brown's appointment of San Jose attorney Harry DiLizzonna as chief counsel to the state's Agricultural Labor Relations Board as a threat to the UFW's sway over California's estimated 300,000 farm laborers.

Chavez says filings of unfair labor practices against several growers—including harassment of illegal aliens and refusal to bargain after union election victories—have been buried by the board, causing the 30,000 workers represented by the UFW to go without union contracts. Chavez says the situation could become critical because the union needs to triple its present membership to "make it into the future."

"DiLizzonna may be working for the growers the way he acts," says a peeved Chavez. "He's a terrible appointment." Chavez insists he won't endorse Brown in his reelection bid, despite the predilection of the governor's probable opponents toward prostrating themselves at the boots of the big growers.

—*Joel Kotkin*

HACKING THROUGH THE WASHINGTON BRUSH

Relieved: President Carter need not sweat so much over the problem of pumping up the economy to reduce unemployment, thanks to his good buddies on the Council of Economic Advisors. The CEA told the President that full employment (the amount the economy will tolerate before inflation starts wildly spiraling) is not 4 percent unemployed, but a closer-to-the-moment 6 percent.

And Stern: President Carter (back already) is sweating more over the growing federal deficit and is frankly insisting on one lower than last year's—so that he at least appears to be acting on his 1976 campaign promise to balance the budget.

And Merciless: President Carter (a new face) faces crosswinds—one to cut back programs so as to cut the deficit; the other to lay out expensive new programs (such as the Catastrophic Coverage that the UMW insists be included in any National Health Insurance Plan).

And Yet a Statesman: President Carter (life is unfair) has to make a decision as to whether to supply the neutron bomb in large numbers to West Germany. The West German government wants it badly and is pressing hard for a decision. They don't want to force the issue publicly for fear of adverse reaction at home. The indications are that the President will make a firm decision: that it is their decision.

Asia on five blunders a day

Ich Bin Ein Amerikaner, See?: Georgia Boots Trample India

President Carter was a Phineas Fogg whose trip was planned by a dizzy Cook's tour agent, whose lines were conceived by laid-off *Hee-Haw* writers. The road show reached its peak in the Indian village of Daulatpur-Nasirabad (pop. 1,353 citizens, 26,705 chickens), where the presidential family, marked with red forehead 'ulaks,' inspected things for the cameras. Looking at a Gobar gas plant—in which cow manure is turned into gas that usually powers generators, lights, stoves—the President had important queries to make concerning fecal fuel: "Do you use your own, or bring it in from outside?" he asked, shortly after the demonstration model made a small gas lamp flicker and extinguish.

The Giddy Tourist: "Do you use your own?"

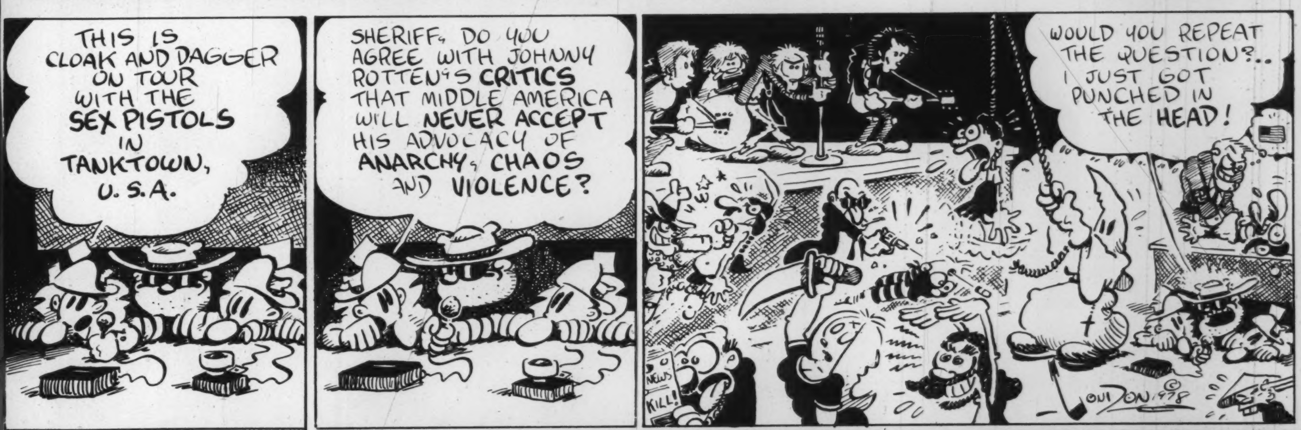
DENNIS BRACK / BLACK STAR

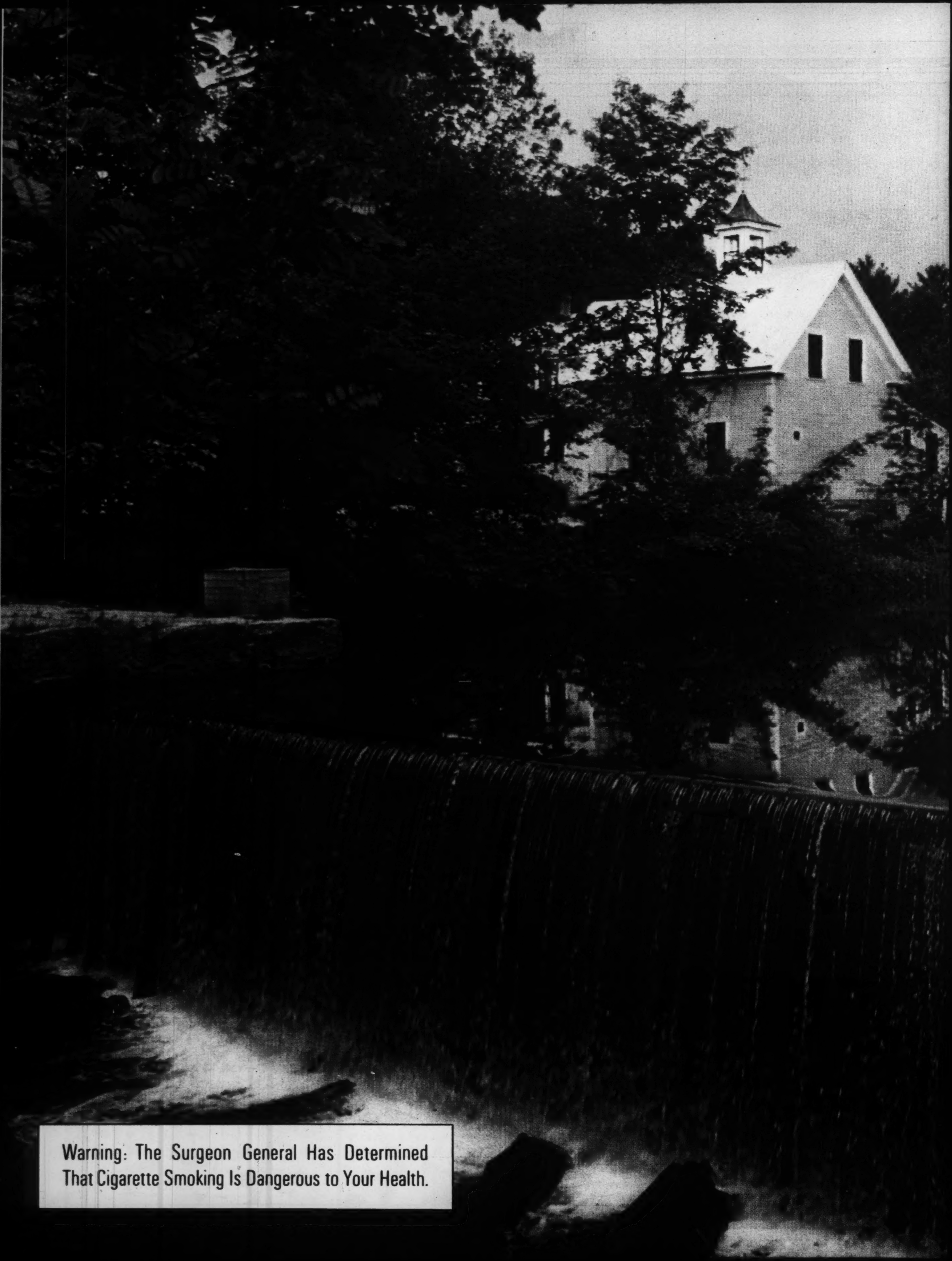
The Commander-in-Chief was followed by the officer (Lieutenant Peterson, USAF) who carries the President's bomb codes in a black leather briefcase with the trusting inscription: "If found return to military liaison office, the White House, Washington." Peterson was followed by Evan S. Dobelle, the United States Chief of Protocol, who clicked a plastic Viewmaster and showed stereo-optic pictures of Georgia while the Secret Service praised the "neat little mother." Mr. Prithvi Raj gave a pair of handmade slippers to the President, who thanked him with a mysterious appraisal—"I sure wouldn't want to wear those out in the dirt." But the dirt was nothing but pleasant to Jody Powell who, thinking of the "darn fine campaign film" to come out of the drunken tour, exhorted the traveling cameramen: "Try and get him in all that dust!" Powell yelled. "Dust is just great!"

—Thanks to the London *Spectator*

THE INSIDERS: CLOAK AND DAGGER GO TO SEE THE SEX PISTOLS

By Bobby London


THIS IS CLOAK AND DAGGER ON TOUR WITH THE SEX PISTOLS IN TANKTOWN, U.S.A.
SHERIFF, DO YOU AGREE WITH JOHNNY ROTTEN'S CRITICS THAT MIDDLE AMERICA WILL NEVER ACCEPT HIS ADVOCACY OF ANARCHY, CHAOS AND VIOLENCE?
WOULD YOU REPEAT THE QUESTION?.. I JUST GOT PUNCHED IN THE HEAD!
NEWS
KILL!
LONDON © 1978



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

NewTimes

Gets behind the headlines.

HALF PRICE FOREVER.

NewTimes
How Andy Young gets away with it
NewTimes
Gilda Radner, Sunday Night's
The Last Porno Show by Robert Sam Anson
The Dolphins Win a Round by Stephen Singular
Losing the Peace in Vietnam by Robert Shrum
NewTimes
WHY AMERICA LOVES THE 'STAR WARS' HEROES

☐ Send me 19 issues for $9.50. That's half the regular newsstand rate. I understand that I may renew at half the prevailing newsstand price forever.

☐ I prefer 26 issues (1 year), $13.00. I save $13.00.

Mr./Ms. ____________________
please print

Address ____________________ Apt. # __________

City ____________________

State ____________________ Zip __________

☐ Bill me later ☐ Payment enclosed (please mail card in envelope)

4D28

Signature ____________________

Additional postage per year: Canadian residents add $2.00 per year. Outside U.S. and Canada add $5.00 per year.

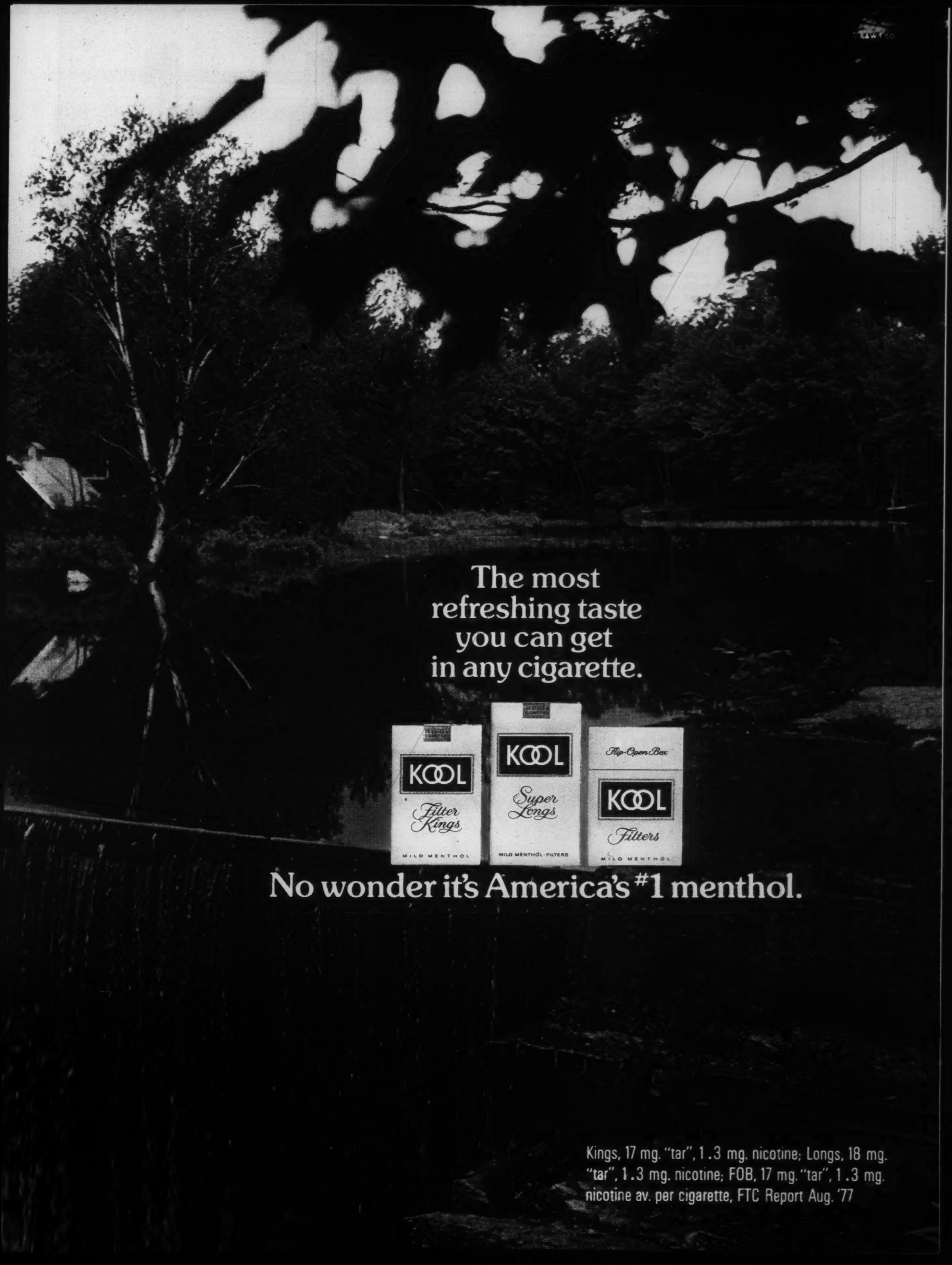
For immediate service call 800-247-2160
in Iowa 1-800-362-2860

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT #52
BOULDER,
COLORADO

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
NO POSTAGE STAMP NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY

NewTimes
P.O. BOX 2471
BOULDER, CO. 80321

© B&W T CO
The most refreshing taste you can get in any cigarette.
KOOL
Filter Kings
MILD MENTHOL
KOOL
Super Longs
MILD MENTHOL · FILTERS
Flip-Open Box
KOOL
Filters
MILD MENTHOL
No wonder it's America's #1 menthol.
Kings, 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; Longs, 18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; FOB, 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '77

Black Russian
The heart and soul of the movement. Arrow Creme de Café and vodka, 2 to 1. A favorite of comrades everywhere.

Gold Russian
Yes, we said gold. 2 parts Arrow Caramella and 1 part vodka. Russian lovers of the world, unite.

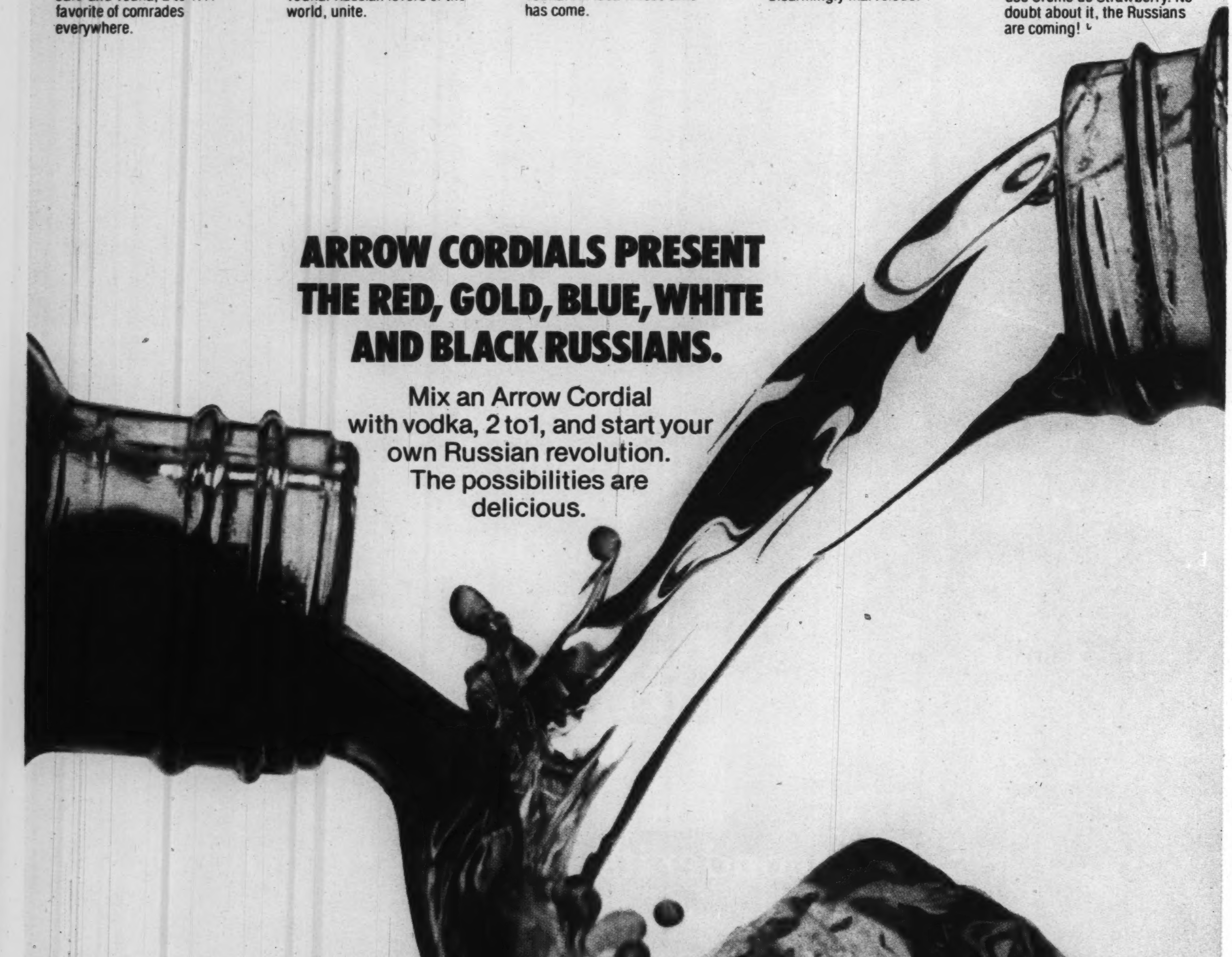
Blue Russian
The taste is orange. Mix Arrow Blue Curacao with vodka. An idea whose time has come.

Peppermint Schnapps

White Russian
Stir up some Arrow Peppermint Schnapps and vodka. Disarmingly marvelous.

STRAWBERRY

Red Russian
You know the party line—Arrow and vodka. This time use Creme de Strawberry. No doubt about it, the Russians are coming!



ARROW CORDIALS PRESENT THE RED, GOLD, BLUE, WHITE AND BLACK RUSSIANS.

Mix an Arrow Cordial
with vodka, 2 to1, and start your
own Russian revolution.
The possibilities are
delicious.

Arrow® Cordials, 40-90 proof © 1977, Arrow Liquors Co., Allen Park, Michigan.

Politics

Washington
Washington
Washington
Washington

FRED WARD/BLACK STAR

Crawling among the gears and cogs

Chicago Machine Gets Funny and Runs Washington vs Washington

Oh those big city machines. Always trying to trick you. Take the case of Harold Washington, an Illinois State Representative from Chicago's South Side. A leading black politician, he incurred the wrath of the ward organization a year ago by challenging Alderman Michael Bilandic, the current mayor, in the Democratic primary to see who would steal the chair vacated by the death of boss Richard J. Daley. Because of the unsuccessful "palace revolt," Chicago pols are trying to finish off Washington with the Name Game. The Name Game has been used frequently in Baltimore and other East Coast cities, but is one of those few machine tricks that is still a little unusual in Chicago. The idea is simple: in a close primary contest the point is to confuse unsuspecting or uneducated voters by running bogus candidates whose names resemble those of the opponent. In one recent Baltimore election, for instance, a black public school principal named Norman Reeves lost a councilmanic election to a machine candidate because an unemployed truck driver named John Reeves was put on the same ballot. The 250 votes that the one Reeves siphoned off were enough to keep the other Reeves from being elected.

In this latest case, Sabrina and Denise Washington—both 21-year-old college students and political neophytes—have circulated petitions to run against the incumbent state senator in the March 21 primary.

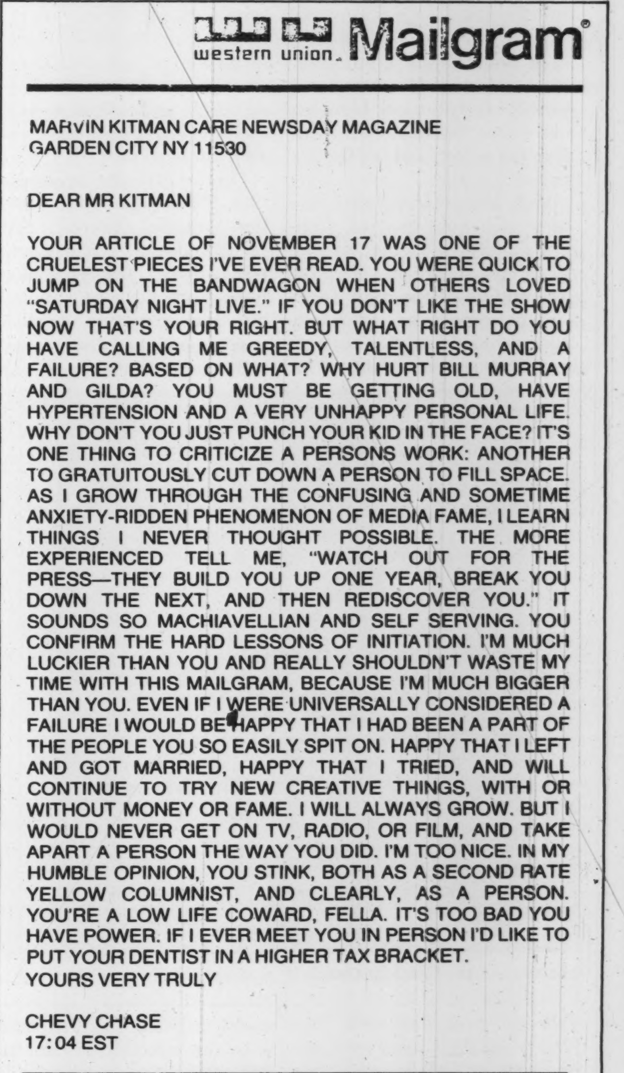
Washington says the women Washingtons were put up to the electoral challenge by his ward opponents to draw votes from him and help the candidacy of precinct captain Clarence Barry, the fourth candidate on the ballot.

The Chicago Board of Election Commissioners had no choice but to rule out Denise Washington (she mistakenly submitted petitions nominating her for the State House instead of the Senate—well, who could blame the kid), but Sabrina stayed on.

For their part the Washington women said they were running because they need jobs. They deny any plot to oust Senator Washington, although both were represented at the hearing by a lawyer who works for the sixteenth ward Democratic organization. Asked about the Name Game charges, one machine loyalist told a reporter, "Washington must be a popular name."

Media

I'm Chevy Chase, and Your Nose Is About to Be Broken, Crumb



western union Mailgram®

MARVIN KITMAN CARE NEWSDAY MAGAZINE
GARDEN CITY NY 11530

DEAR MR KITMAN

YOUR ARTICLE OF NOVEMBER 17 WAS ONE OF THE CRUELEST PIECES I'VE EVER READ. YOU WERE QUICK TO JUMP ON THE BANDWAGON WHEN OTHERS LOVED "SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE." IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE SHOW NOW THAT'S YOUR RIGHT. BUT WHAT RIGHT DO YOU HAVE CALLING ME GREEDY, TALENTLESS, AND A FAILURE? BASED ON WHAT? WHY HURT BILL MURRAY AND GILDA? YOU MUST BE GETTING OLD, HAVE HYPERTENSION AND A VERY UNHAPPY PERSONAL LIFE. WHY DON'T YOU JUST PUNCH YOUR KID IN THE FACE? IT'S ONE THING TO CRITICIZE A PERSONS WORK: ANOTHER TO GRATUITOUSLY CUT DOWN A PERSON TO FILL SPACE. AS I GROW THROUGH THE CONFUSING AND SOMETIME ANXIETY-RIDDEN PHENOMENON OF MEDIA FAME, I LEARN THINGS I NEVER THOUGHT POSSIBLE. THE MORE EXPERIENCED TELL ME, "WATCH OUT FOR THE PRESS—THEY BUILD YOU UP ONE YEAR, BREAK YOU DOWN THE NEXT, AND THEN REDISCOVER YOU." IT SOUNDS SO MACHIAVELLIAN AND SELF SERVING. YOU CONFIRM THE HARD LESSONS OF INITIATION. I'M MUCH LUCKIER THAN YOU AND REALLY SHOULDN'T WASTE MY TIME WITH THIS MAILGRAM, BECAUSE I'M MUCH BIGGER THAN YOU. EVEN IF I WERE UNIVERSALLY CONSIDERED A FAILURE I WOULD BE HAPPY THAT I HAD BEEN A PART OF THE PEOPLE YOU SO EASILY SPIT ON. HAPPY THAT I LEFT AND GOT MARRIED, HAPPY THAT I TRIED, AND WILL CONTINUE TO TRY NEW CREATIVE THINGS, WITH OR WITHOUT MONEY OR FAME. I WILL ALWAYS GROW. BUT I WOULD NEVER GET ON TV, RADIO, OR FILM, AND TAKE APART A PERSON THE WAY YOU DID. I'M TOO NICE. IN MY HUMBLE OPINION, YOU STINK, BOTH AS A SECOND RATE YELLOW COLUMNIST, AND CLEARLY, AS A PERSON. YOU'RE A LOW LIFE COWARD, FELLA. IT'S TOO BAD YOU HAVE POWER. IF I EVER MEET YOU IN PERSON I'D LIKE TO PUT YOUR DENTIST IN A HIGHER TAX BRACKET.
YOURS VERY TRULY

CHEVY CHASE
17:04 EST

The above mailgram was sent by Chevy Chase, Saturday Night Live*'s comic* emeritus, *to Marvin Kitman,* Newsday*'s TV hitman, after Kitman attacked Chase, Radner and the show. "Just as I wrote, he's completely lost his sense of humor," Kitman commented.*

Reached, Chase reasoned: "I never meant for this to be anything but personal correspondence from me to Kitman, but since you got it you should read the Newsday *piece and see if you think it's funny. It's not. I should add that I hope that one day Kitman and I may get to a pig's bris together."*

Media

City to Trib: Drop Dead

New York's Latest Daily Almost Becomes New York's Late Daily

For New York's media junkies, the scenario was irresistible. A new morning newspaper called *The Trib* starts up: right wing, pitched for folks who subscribe to the Social Register, drink martinis and ski (all topics in the first week's batch of editorials). After three no-news issues, terrible distribution troubles and worse financial ones, English press lord arrives for the rescue.

He's Vere Harmsworth, the very rich publisher of London's *Daily Mail*, chief backer of Clay Felker's *Esquire* and middle-of-the-road Fleet Street competitor of brash Rupert Murdoch. Perfect set-up: Harmsworth with *The Trib* vs. Murdoch with *The New York Post*—and the added twist of Felker, still sore from Murdoch's takeover of *New York Magazine*, in Harmsworth's corner, ready for revenge.

WIDE WORLD

Harmsworth: Couldn't back it

For about a day and a half it seemed possible. Harmsworth had his pen ready to sign. The money was easy (reportedly in the realm of \$2–\$3 million), but *The Trib*'s stubborn publisher, Len Saffir, was not. Saffir, most recently chief adviser to New York's exsenator conservative James Buckley, wanted to retain editorial control. Harmsworth, a mild-mannered man from a long line of English aristocrats, wasn't prepared to put up cash and allow a feisty Saffir to continue the irrelevant content.

On the fifth day of publication, the day he couldn't meet the editorial payroll, Saffir turned down Harmsworth's offer. Why? *The Trib* would have been assured solvency, but the neophyte publisher was to be kicked downstairs.

To most observers, it was a minor miracle *The Trib* made it to the streets. It is the first new New York daily since 1940, the first new morning paper since 1924. In the last 20 years, more than a dozen New York papers have folded. Saffir targeted a well-heeled, well-informed, conservative reader, tired of the *New York Times* and never interested in the *Daily News*. He thought he could make it on a modest circulation base of 200,000 with a different point of view.

The first-day omens were not good. The front page carried a weather line: "It's a lovely day." In fact, New York braved one of its coldest winter temperatures. For guidance, Saffir wrote an editorial page screed: "WHAT THE TRIB IS ABOUT." It was difficult to figure. "*The Trib* will be as departmentalized as an aircraft carrier."

It may have been a blessing that only 90,000 papers reached the stands the second day. An unfathomable front-page head read: "KOCH-CAREY ACCORD THAT STATE TAX CUT TO BE PARED DOWN."

But Friday's issue was the dead give-away. The major national story was about the theft of private planes. An editorial titled: "Safety First" warned: ". . . a skier swooshing down a slope should . . . not think about the bear market, his girlfriend or his wife's yoga classes."

The content, of course, revealed the age and experience of the editors. One unkind observer described the carpeted, quiet Third Avenue offices as a geriatric kindergarten. John Denson, who during a distinguished career has been editor of the *New York Herald Tribune*, *Newsweek* and the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner*, is 73. In a first-night interview Denson said: "We've got a long way to go before we're a polished product. I've been in newspapers and magazines. This is an attempt to marry the two—this is not easy, but it's possible."

THE TRIB

VOL. 1 NO. 3 — New York, Wednesday, January 11, 1978 — 25 cents

A Temporary Ruling

COURT ENJOINS TRIB DRIVERS

With each passing day it seemed less likely that the editorial concept would ever be tested. Towards the end of the first week of *The Trib*'s life, it was clear that the \$4 million Saffir claimed to have scrambled together was actually a good deal less. What resources he had were steadily eaten away by the \$22,000 check the printing plant demanded each night before the presses rolled. One of the four editor-writers on the national-world desk said, as he started on the sixth issue: "I give it another week."

The sixth day of publication, Saffir announced he'd found some money. The main source of the unspecified amount was a Raymond J. Learsy, president of a New York-based phosphate producing company. Learsy—a past backer of former senator James Buckley with no background in the newspaper business—called the move "an investment in New York." Saffir said the funds would "round out" *The Trib*'s financing. The same day the staff got their belated checks.

—Jane Perlez

In Minnesota, Farmers Revolt To Get Lines Off Their Land

PAUL SHAMBROOM

Minnesota farmers: Lines go down

"That was fun!" the enthusiastic protestor yelled to the farmer, after they, along with hundreds of others, had succeeded in evicting a team of surveyors from the farmer's land.

"Don't tell anyone," Dennis Rutledge smiled back. "It's not supposed to be fun—we're *irate farmers*."

And so ended the latest chapter in a small environmental battle that has been simmering in Pope County, Minnesota, for two years and now seems ready to boil over. At issue is a 400,000-volt powerline that two utilities (United Power Association of Elk River and the Cooperative Power Association of Edina) want to string over 427 miles of fertile farmland from Underwood, North Dakota, to Delano, Montana. The utilities argue that the line, which is direct current as opposed to the more usual, and less dangerous, alternating current, is necessary to bring the coal-generated power from the Dakotas to the population centers of central Minnesota. The protesting farmers, who have organized with their own *de rigeur* acronym (GASP, for General Assembly to Stop the Powerline), argue that the line will not only disrupt aerial crop dusting and seeding, but also the method of irrigation common to the area—"traveling guns" of water which shoot high into the air, and might hit high-tension wires, causing arcs of electricity.

Since the farmers organized two years ago, exhaustive hearings have been held before state agencies, and the utilities have gone to the courts to protect their right of eminent domain. The matter has in fact been settled by the State Supreme Court, which decided in favor of the utility companies. But the farmers insist they will not abide by court orders until a science panel is set up to deal with the environmental and health issues, and whose decrees would be considered binding by the state. Meanwhile, the farmers continue their battle, using guerrilla tactics learned from the protestors of the 1960s. Two weeks ago, they succeeded in halting virtually all construction by harassing the representatives of the utilities. That prompted Governor Rudy Perpich to call out the state troops—at first just a few, then more, and finally 150, the largest mobilization in the state's history—all of whom are being housed and fed near the demonstration sites, at the cost of $12,000 a day. The farmers hardly blinked in the face of so much assembled muscle; by Friday the thirteenth they and the troopers had come to blows. Five protestors were arrested, bringing the total to fourteen for the week.

Seventies

The members of GASP insist that they will not relent until the utilities stop construction. The utilities, with the help of the troopers, plan to keep their surveyors in the fields, in order to meet a target of November 1, 1978. And so the debate goes on: Power to the people, or power to the people. *—Tom Blanton*

Old People Got No Reason to Give (At Least Not to Mr. Sun M. Moon)

Reverend Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church, which drew its first devotees from the ranks of America's alienated youth, now seems to be turning to the alienated elderly. And its methods are raising some eyebrows. Through an arm of the church called Project Volunteer (PV), Moonies have been providing help in some half-dozen Berkeley and Oakland senior citizen centers. Certainly a noble cause. The problem is, however, according to volunteer workers both within and without the Moon family, that the Moonies use the senior citizen centers as recruiting grounds even though they seldom announce their ties with the Unification Church up front. As one former Moonie put it: "PV gave us a chance to mix with the elderly people so that we could get to know them, and then get them to join the church."

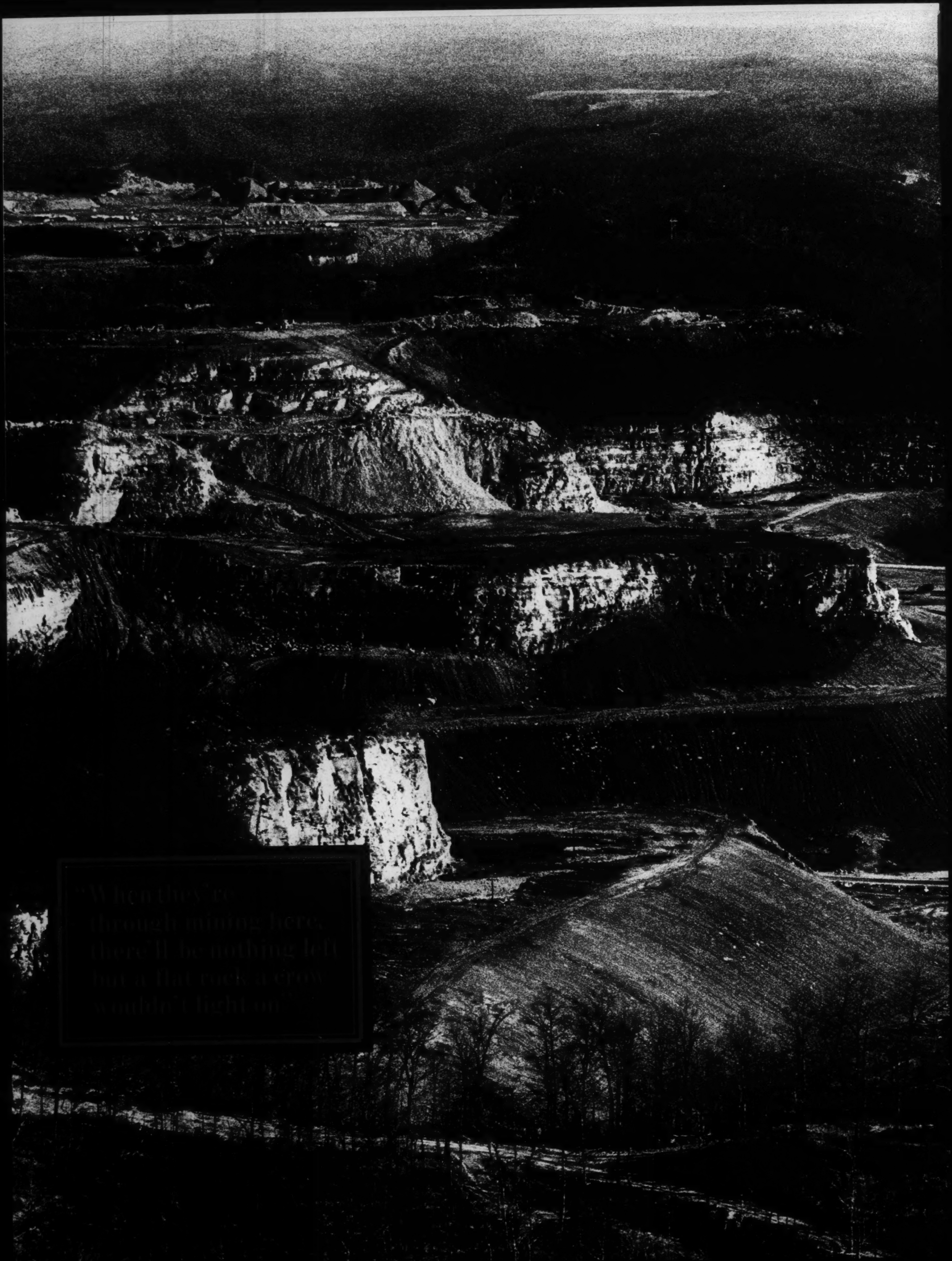
A.J. LEVIN / BLACK STAR

Old Moonie: Moonument to Moon

More seriously, some non-PV volunteers, and several former Moonies, have charged that the Moonies took some of the free food donated to the elderly by local farmers for the Moonies' own use. Though the charges have not been proven in court, the Northern California Food Network (NCFN), a private umbrella organization that coordinates most of the free food distribution in the Bay Area, was suspicious enough to put PV on probation for six months last November. Among other things, the NCFN discovered that the Moonies had been misidentifying themselves as "representatives" of the food group.

For their part, the Moonies claim total innocence. Russell Allen, the head of PV, suggests that the food misappropriation charge might stem from the fact that the PV-distributed food goes to a variety of nonprofit groups, one of which just happens to be a Moonie group called New Educational Development Systems (NEDS). And as for picking up the *best* of the food—another charge being leveled by some former Moonie volunteers—Allen found the notion particularly ridiculous. As he explains, "We distribute the ripest food to the charities and keep some of the unripe for our own use. The charities want ripe food because their use is for immediate consumption." Finally, as to the notion that the Unification Church might want to expand its membership through the elderly, many of whom might leave the organization some money upon their deaths, Allen says, "There is a very clear understanding that that's not our aim and that's not to be done . . . But anyone who comes over who wants to become a member, they're certainly welcome."

—Paul Grabowicz



"When they're through mining here, there'll be nothing left but a flat rock a crow wouldn't light on.

The King Coal Good Times Blues

MINE
BK1-049
Vote Your Future UMWA
U.M.W.A
ON STRIKE
NO CONTRACT
NO WORK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL DOTTER

The coal rush is on. For Martin County, Kentucky, it could prove a classic rags-to-riches-to-rags story

by John Egerton

Tom Fletcher had about him a look of awe and astonishment, as if he were in the company of the President of the United States—which in fact he was. There on the mountaineer's own front porch, hunkered down beside him, was Lyndon Baines Johnson, attentive and serious as the photographers snapped away.

It was late April 1964. Spring was nudging to the surface in the mouse-brown mountains of Martin County, Kentucky, a remote Appalachian outpost dubiously distinguished as one of the poorest political jurisdictions in the nation. President Johnson had gone there by helicopter on a whirlwind tour of "poverty pockets," seeking to call attention to his escalating War on Poverty. He had been driven through the little county-seat town of Inez to Tom Fletcher's three-room shack, perched on a hillside close to the road in a narrow mountain valley.

Fletcher was 38 years old, out of work, dead broke. He had a wife and eight children, the oldest two of whom had already quit school after completing only the fourth grade. He had earned $400 the previous year. The Fletchers were said to be typical of the mass of Martin County's 10,000 people. Official unemployment there was reported to be 37 percent; unofficially, it was estimated that only 20 of every 100 adults had jobs.

The President chatted with members of the family for a few minutes, then rose to leave. As he crossed the yard, he called back to Fletcher. "Take care of yourself," he shouted. "And don't you forget, now—I want you to keep those kids in school."

Hard times had abided in Martin County for decades before LBJ so swiftly flew in and out. Both the population and the economy had steadily declined since the

---

Tennessee writer John Egerton is teaching magazine journalism at Virginia Tech in Blacksburg this year.

1930s, and the ruggedness of the terrain had always placed severe limits on growth. Rich deposits of nonmetallurgical coal were known to lie underground, but there were neither highways nor railroads to make them accessible.

A few small company towns and coal camp settlements had existed from the 1870s onward, and there were men in them who worked the deep mines with picks and shovels for a few dollars a day, while others scratched out crops on the thin slices of flat land along the creek bottoms. Inez, founded in 1876 and named for the postmaster's daughter, was a modest center of government and commerce, shoe-horned into a winding valley between two mountain ridges. Later came other settlements: Himmlerville, a community of industrious Hungarian immigrant miners; Nigger Hollow, where a few black families lived; Coal Camp, called Tightwad by miners as an expression of the low esteem they had for its owners. (Himmlerville and Tightwad now have more ironic names—Beauty and Lovely—but Nigger Hollow remains, even though all the blacks have long since departed.)

The county's first paved road was opened in 1920, connecting Inez with Paintsville, 25 crooked miles to the west. Ten miles east of Inez, the road ended at the Tug River, and private investors built a one-lane toll bridge there, connecting with West Virginia on the opposite bank. But public roads, far from opening Martin County to development, became routes of exodus for many of the land-locked residents.

By the time of LBJ's 1964 visit, Martin County was an economic disaster area. Natural-gas pipelines had been laid, but they generated few jobs and negligible local revenue. Coal mining had ceased for all but a handful of non-union miners. Welfare, unemployment, disability or retirement benefits from the state and federal governments were the sole sources of income for a sizable majority of the families living there. The two high schools in the county graduated between 50 and 75 students a year, and almost all of them quickly fled—some to college or military service, most of the others to the cities of the North.

In those days, the largest employer in Martin County was the public school system. There was one bank, one doctor, one practicing attorney, no newspaper, no hospital, no drugstore. No town, not even Inez, was incorporated. Local law enforcement consisted of one sheriff and two unpaid deputies. Most elected officials (all Republicans) had caretaker roles in the courthouse, while the real political and economic power, such as it was, rested mainly in the hands of the men who ran the school system and the bank. No all-white county anywhere in America was poorer than Martin County.

The War on Poverty was meant to bring swift and dramatic recovery to such places, but the light of public attention drawn there by LBJ turned out to be as short-lived and ineffectual as a dime-store candle. By 1970, the population of Martin County had fallen to 9,377, and the public assistance rolls were larger than ever. Most of the recoverable natural gas was gone, and most of the usable timber had been saw-logged and trucked away. Only the coal remained, and while the mining of it had increased, a long period of declining national demand had kept prices so low that total recovery of the Martin County deposits hardly seemed worth the necessary investment.

The lion's share of the mineral wealth accrues to far-flung corporate stockholders who own most of the county

A dizzying succession of government initiatives had been aimed at the problems of poverty in Appalachia and throughout the nation—Aid to Families with Dependent Children, Supplemental Security Income, Medicaid, food stamps, revenue sharing, unemployment insurance, workmen's compensation, flood disaster relief, pension funds, veterans benefits, mental health programs, the Appalachian Regional Commission, HEW, HUD, OEO. But their cumulative effect on the needy people of Martin County was minimal. Almost two-thirds of the county's families had incomes of less than $5,000 a year. Only 14 percent of the adults had finished high school. Official unemployment still stood at depression-era levels. There were more government employees to serve the larger number of aid recipients, and there was a little more money in circulation, but the aged, the infirm, the disabled, the idle—the Tom Fletchers to whom Lyndon Johnson had pledged a better life—were as impoverished as ever.

When economic recovery finally began to take hold in Martin County in the early 1970s, its symbol was not Uncle Sam but King Coal. The Arab oil embargo, the energy crisis and the environmental protection movement combined to stimulate renewed interest in the nation's huge reserves of low-sulfur coal, which can be burned with minimal pollution to help create electricity. Doubled production of the long-shunned mineral became a national objective, prices soared from about $5 to more than $25 a ton—and from Pennsylvania to Wyoming, the coal rush was on. But nowhere has the effect of the boom been more pronounced than in little Martin County, which has an estimated 500 million tons of low-sulfur coal buried in thick seams beneath its mountains.

The Norfolk and Western Railway had been planning to tap the Martin County mother lode for years. Through a subsidiary enterprise, the Pocahontas Land Corporation, N&W bought up about 85,000 acres of land or mineral rights in the county between 1939 and 1959, thus gaining control of nearly 60 percent of its total land area and almost all of its recoverable coal. In 1969, the railroad began to lease some of its holdings to coal mining firms and to construct a 24-mile branch line from its main route in West Virginia to the center of the mining operations. By the time of the 1973 oil embargo, the rail line was in service, and Martin County already was beginning to experience the pains and pleasures of the burgeoning coal boom: since then, the county has continued to yield its dark treasure at an ever-quickening pace.

A few figures hint at the staggering proportions of economic change there. When mining bottomed out in the county in the early 1960s, fewer than 50 men in a handful of mines were producing 35,000 tons of coal a year; in 1977, more than 3,000 workers in 90 Martin County mines extracted in excess of seven *million* tons. Those miners who were able to work at all 15 or 20 years ago typically earned less than $20 a day; today, the average wage of miners in the county exceeds $400 a week. When LBJ visited the area, economic stagnation and massive unemployment were keeping the county at the very bottom of Kentucky's income rankings; this year, its industrial workers are the highest-paid in the state, and the unemployment rate among able-bodied persons over 18 is only 3 percent.

Around the clock, around the calendar—slowed only sporadically by the two-month-old national strike of union miners—Martin County coal is being gouged from deep mines and strip mines, loaded onto 100-ton railroad cars or 50-ton highway trucks, and transported to electric utility companies as far away as Michigan, New York and North Carolina. Capital investments of some $225 million by N&W and the companies which mine the coal are now returning a gross income of over $150 million a year, and plans have been made to nearly double production over the next few years. Some mining officials say that even if the rate of extraction is doubled, the Martin County coal boom could last 80 years.

The county's population has increased by more than 25 percent (to about 12,000) since the last census, reversing a 40-year downward trend. Two fiercely competitive weekly newspapers and a radio station now operate in what previously was a complete vacuum of local communication. Nearly a dozen lawyers and as many doctors now practice in the county. The local bank has increased its assets tenfold in the past decade, and a new savings and loan institution has opened for business. No one knows for sure how many millionaires live in Martin County now, but the best guess seems to be about 20—or roughly one for every 600 residents. On the surface, a classic rags-to-riches success story appears to be unfolding.

But first impressions, in this instance anyway, are misleading. The lion's share of the county's newly appreciated mineral wealth rolls away daily in the railroad cars and coal trucks. The Pocahontas Land Corporation is headquartered in West Virginia, and its parent, the N&W Railway, in Virginia. The four major mining companies which lease land from Pocahontas in return for coal-tonnage royalties have their main offices in Oklahoma, Virginia and the Kentucky cities of Lexington and Ashland. The coal boom has put more money in the pockets of Martin Countians than they have ever had before—but the real wealth, the big money, accrues to far-flung corporate officials and stockholders who literally own most of the county and the black gold beneath.

In the midst of rapid, irreversible change in Inez and the rest of Martin County, images of startling contrast abound: coal trucks help create urban-style traffic jams along narrow, worn-out public roads and at the Tug River toll bridge, which is still privately owned. Sprawling brick homes, some of them with backyard swimming pools, rise within view of sagging hovels that have no indoor plumbing. Spanking new Cadillacs and Continentals are parked in the muddy driveways of house trailers. Inez, for all its newfound wealth, still wears a woebegone look of drabness. And in the high country away from the valley towns, entire mountain peaks are being sheared off and pushed into the hollows, creating vast stretches of high plain where the only signs of life are a scattered few cattle grazing on incongruous patches of winter grass.

But the most haunting paradox of all is that in the midst of Martin County's new prosperity, there are as many poor people as ever, and maybe more. The number of individuals receiving some form of public assistance is difficult to ascertain because the various support programs are so decentralized, but figures from several agencies tend to confirm this estimate: close to 6,000 adults and children in the county qualify for one or more kinds of government funds, from school lunches for the indigent young to Supplemental Security Income for the elderly poor—and that number differs hardly at all from the total in the mid-1960s, when Martin County was at the bottom of the economic heap.

To look closely at the impact of the coal boom in Martin County is to imagine a bewildering assortment of future consequences, from the most promising to the most catastrophic. It is possible, in fact, to imagine that both the best and the worst of times are coming—first the one, then the other; indeed, many people in the county now seem to think that is exactly what will happen.

William McCoy has been practicing law in Inez for 40 years. There were seven attorneys in the county when he came, but by the 1960s, he was the only one left. He knows firsthand about boom and bust.

"From an economic standpoint, what's happening now is all for the good," he says. "The nation is going to have to use coal in place of oil, so what we have here is very valuable. We can't afford to leave it down there under the ground. I agree the mountains are pretty, but it wouldn't make sense to leave them untouched if people all over were freezing and everybody here was out of work. Now everybody who wants to work is making good money. For the young generation coming along, things are better here than they ever were."

But McCoy, remembering the past, worries about the future: "The boom will play out, and if we don't prepare for it, in 40 years or less we'll be hurt. We could have ghost towns again. I'd like to see at least a portion of this culture survive. I'd hate to see the whole county mined out and people have to leave, with nothing to turn back to."

Martin Countians disagree vigorously on a number of subjects—politics, religion and the unionization of miners, to name a few—but on the coal boom and its future effects, they are almost of one mind. Most people seem to favor extraction of the coal by whatever means necessary, within the bounds of safety—and most believe that when the coal is gone, Martin County will be unrecognizable, perhaps even unlivable.

Gladys Maynard, who has long been immersed in local politics, says the boom is primarily responsible for "a new political order" in the county, brought about when almost all incumbents were turned out of office in last fall's general election. "I look for things to improve," she says. "The politicians found out they couldn't buy elections anymore. The old system has been exposed, opened up, and the coal boom made that possible." But, she adds, the boom is a mixed blessing at best: "I think the mining is tearing up Martin County worse than any other place. It's going to look like the moon. Mountains pushed into the hollows, streams flooding, dams busting—it won't be fit to live in. When they're finally done, there may not be any government left here, or any people. Some say in the future we can just start over and build everything new up on the flat tops, but that's hard to imagine. What this boom shows is, if you pay people enough, you can do anything you want to the land and it won't matter. People don't care."

One young miner, Ronnie Maynard, says that he is making more money than ever before, but he too is concerned about the future. "When the boom is over," he says, "Martin County will be

Sprawling brick homes rise within view of sagging hovels with no indoor plumbing

© 1977 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

KING: 19 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine,
100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77.

Smoking is one thing. Taste is everything.

For me, it's taste or nothing. That's why I smoke Winston. Look, whether it's Winston King or Winston 100's, taste is everything in a cigarette. And Winston is nothing but good taste all the way.

KING SIZE
Winston
FILTER-CIGARETTES
FULL RICH TOBACCO FLAVOR
20 CIGARETTES
Winston
FILTERS
100's

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Winston King. Winston 100's.

finished. That's all there is to it. People just want to get their barrel full and get out. There'll be some high, level land up there, and some of it might be good for factories, for farming—but I don't see nobody planning for it. In 40 years, my son won't have nothing to do around here. We'll all be left high and dry."

Russell Williamson, 74, is president of the Inez Deposit Bank and secretary of the small group of stockholders who own the Tug River toll bridge. Williamson has been a big man in Martin County for as long as anyone can remember; some people even say he is the county's number-one power broker, though he scoffs at that suggestion. At the very least, he is a wealthy man; his bank has assets of $30 million, and though he won't say how much annual income the toll bridge produces, he smilingly admits that a guess of over $100,000 is "getting warm."

The coal boom, Williamson says, is "good for business. People have got a lot of money—they can buy anything they want." But he adds that not everything about it is good: "Some people prey on others. Some bad people have come in here along with the good, and there's still a whole lot who don't want to work. And sometimes I just wonder what's going to happen when the coal is all gone. First it was timber, then natural gas, now coal. I wonder what'll be next."

Lorraine Sloan is the wife of a disabled UMW miner. Her husband was injured in a strip-mine accident, and she says the union "gave us the run-around" about disability benefits. She is not an opponent of the UMW, however, or of strip-mining; she knows that Martin County's coal is going to be mined, and she approves of its taking. But she senses in the county a pervasive mood of exploitation without regard for the consequences.

"What I object to," she says, "is greed and corruption. There's an unelected power bloc here—in business, in coal, in banking, in the schools, even in the churches. They have built a majority force by controlling the jobs and the money and the land. Republicans, Democrats—it makes no difference. It's the same old people getting the money, over and over—and if you can't be bought, sold or traded, you don't get nothing. They'll do whatever is necessary to get the coal out of here. And when they're through, you know what'll be left? Nothing but a flat rock a crow wouldn't light on. They don't expect anybody to live in this county. It'll be a no-man's-land, an energy reservation."

At the headquarters of the Pocahontas Land Corporation in Bluefield, West Virginia, assistant general manager Bob Raines disagrees with that notion. "We take a long view," he says. "Hopefully, in 10, 20, 50 years, we will have made several thousand acres of poor land usable. We're very encouraged by the mountain-top removal method of strip mining. Reclamation and environmental protection are very important to us. When we're finished, it'll be better property. It's like building a nice home—it doesn't look too good when it's under construction, but when you're finished. . . ."

Pocahontas won't be finished until the coal companies which have leased its 85,000 acres of Martin County land have gotten as much as they can from the underground and surface mines. "Right now, our job is management of the property," Raines says. "We want to assure maximum recovery of the coal with minimum waste. By mining, reclaiming and developing as we go, we can make flat land available right along." The entire project, he says, could take as long as 80 years.

> "The big-money boys got it all—the mountains, the streams, everything. Now they're going to get the coal"

Although it owns more than half of Martin County, Pocahontas has kept its distance from local politics and generally maintained a low profile around Inez (its office there is a modest upstairs apartment at the rear of a house on Main Street). No one has suggested—not publicly, at least—that Martin is a "company county," a kept community like the company towns that so many mine and mill owners used to maintain. As long as the only interest of Pocahontas is in extracting minerals from mainly empty and unused land—and generating a heavy flow of dollars in the process—charges of paternalism and undue control aren't likely. Later, when ownership of the land necessitates community development, land-use planning, and investment rather than extraction, political involvement may be unavoidable. "We want to look at the overall picture," Raines says. "We want to have a plan, a goal. But we're not that far along yet."

No one is that far along yet; no overall picture has come into focus. Only fragments are visible, pieces of the whole. Homer Marcum, one of Martin County's young newspaper editors, sees the pieces, the good and the bad—and, like others, he is ambivalent. "I'd like to think this boom is our golden opportunity to have a better life," he says. "I still hope. But I have to say I honestly doubt it."

The people of Martin County sense instinctively that one day they will pay a terrible price for their "golden opportunity." It is an instinct, however, that is not shared by the coal industry, the UMW or government from Inez to Washington. The environmental and social consequences of the coal boom in Martin County—indeed, throughout the nation's coal fields—have been all but ignored.

Fifty-seven-year-old Vernal Maynard lives close to the Tug River in a house built 50 years ago as part of a coal-company town. Maynard was once a coal miner, and then a shipyard worker in Norfolk. He and his wife, both natives of Martin County, returned there to live 15 years ago, after he became disabled.

"I remember the hard times here," Maynard says, "and they were plenty hard. There was no work to be had. It's better now." But better or not, Vernal Maynard is deeply troubled about the consequences of extensive strip mining. "We had twenty-three inches of water in this house last April," he says, "and four or five inches of it was mud and coal settlings. It wasn't normal. The river kept cresting, coming in gushes. I've lived around here most of my life, and I never saw it behave that way. Strip mining has to be a major cause. All the stripping and the clear-cutting of timber has left the hillsides bare, and with nothing up there to hold the water, it just comes right on down." (The April flood, by far the worst in Martin County's history, forced one fourth of the entire population from their homes.)

Maynard is not opposed to the mining of Martin County's coal, not even necessarily opposed to the strip mining of it. As a one-time miner himself—and as a union man—he says he would like to see a strengthened UMW and reformed coal companies working together for the prosperity of all.

But he doesn't expect that to happen. He has, he says, seen enough political corruption, enough greed, enough coal dust and mud, enough denuded hills and flood waters, enough broken roads and broken men—and through it all, enough undiminished and unyielding poverty—to fear for the future of Martin County, of Appalachia:

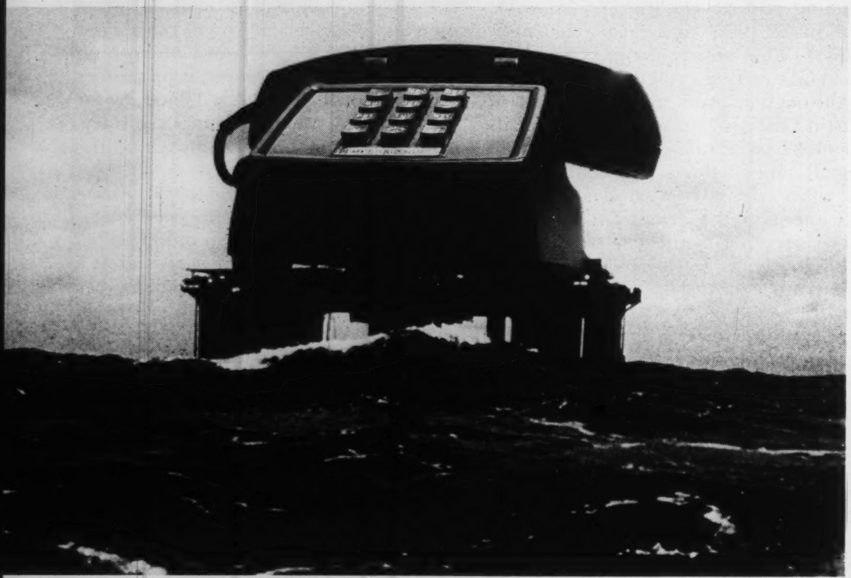
"This region was once the survival kit of the country. Everything you needed was here—fruit, nuts, berries, herbs, water, timber, oil, gas, coal. It was like that a long time ago—and not so long ago too, in my lifetime. The people were self-sufficient—they raised their own corn, dug their own coal. You can't even buy coal here now—it's all shipped out. I grew up on a 100-acre farm, up there where they're stripping, and I've drunk out of streams you couldn't even bathe in now. By hook or by crook, the big-money boys got it all—the mountains, the streams, everything. They took the timber, the gas and oil, and they're going to get the coal. There wouldn't be any way to prevent it, even if anybody

A report on a matter of public interest:

How the Bell System is pumping more service out of less oil.

In 1973, when the OPEC oil embargo went into effect, the Bell System committed itself to reducing its energy consumption. That commitment has been fulfilled. In four years, the Bell System has saved the energy equivalent of almost 24 million barrels of oil and over 415 million dollars in energy costs—savings that help hold down the cost of your telephone bills.

Today, the Bell System is actually using 11 per cent less energy than it did in 1973, even though the number of telephones in service has risen over 16 per cent and the volume of business has increased 33 per cent.



Here's how we are combining common sense with uncommon technology in four basic areas to achieve Zero Energy Growth.

Telephones are reconditioned three times.

The Bell System's energy needs begin with the power and fuel necessary to design and manufacture the basic communications components—cables, wire and equipment such as your home telephone.

In general, it takes much more energy to manufacture such items from scratch than it does to recycle them. Because Bell System equipment is designed by Bell Labs to be reliable, repairable *and* recyclable, extensive energy cutbacks have been realized through 40 years of recycling and reuse. New, more energy-efficient processes are constantly being devised by Western Electric, some of which entail modifying original designs for even greater materials and power savings.

Since 1974, the Bell conservation program has saved the energy equivalent of over three million barrels of oil by recycling metals. Also, more than six million equivalent barrels of oil have been saved through the reuse of equipment. The average telephone, for example, is reconditioned three times before it is unrepairable or obsolete.

New technology does more with less.

Another area in which the Bell System is effecting energy savings is in power for switching and transmission equipment. Constantly, new energy-saving technology is being added to the system. *Item:* Over two billion power-saving transistors, diodes and integrated circuits have been put into use. *Item:* Light Emitting Diodes (LEDs) are replacing incandescent bulbs in switchboards and telephones, saving over 90 per cent of the previously required power. *Item:* A new microprocessor called MAC-8 is less than one-tenth the size of a postage stamp yet contains the equivalent of over 7,000 transistors. The MAC-8 can execute several hundred electronic "thinking" functions, yet it will operate on only one-tenth of a watt of power.

Smaller vehicles power giant fleet.

Twenty-two per cent of Bell's energy requirements are in fuel for its fleet of over 170,000 vehicles, the largest privately owned and operated motor fleet in the world. Here, a number of commonsense procedures have been adopted: engines are carefully tuned for peak efficiency, smaller and more fuel-efficient vehicles are being used, and shuttle services have been set up between some company locations. In addition, New York Telephone Company is experimenting with nonpolluting, energy-saving electric-powered trucks. Due to these and other efforts, the Bell System in 1976 used over five per cent less motor fuel than in 1973.

Even employees' body heat is used.

Heating, lighting and air conditioning of Bell System's 25,000 buildings account for 45 per cent of its energy needs. Broad economies have been achieved simply by removing thousands of unnecessary lights; by lowering temperature settings; by cutting back on hot water temperatures; and by heating or cooling unoccupied areas only to the extent required for equipment operations.

Moving beyond the obvious conservation measures, the Bell System created a building energy management program to redesign and retrofit existing buildings to improve their energy efficiency. Two examples of other power-saving programs at Bell facilities:

- On windy Block Island, Rhode Island, the New England Telephone Company began operating a wind dynamo in September, 1976. It can produce up to 15 kilowatts of electricity to power a central office and microwave radio terminal. Excess power from the windmill is fed back to the power company.
- In AT&T's new Basking Ridge, New Jersey, facility, an innovative computerized system heats about 1½ million feet of office space by recovering excess heat from the building environment—lights, equipment and the body heat of employees. It is estimated that the system uses 25 per cent less energy than conventional heating/cooling systems.

Bell trials of solar heating and cooling are providing valuable data which should lead to more widespread use of alternate energy systems.

Windmill helps power central phone office and microwave radio terminal (tower at right) on Block Island.

Today, throughout the Bell System, our commitment to energy conservation is more than a goal; it is an ongoing reality. And in looking to the future, we anticipate that in 1982 we will still be using no more energy than was used in 1973. *Keeping your phone system the best in the world.*

Bell System

Tom Fletcher and visitor in 1964: A casualty of the War on Poverty

wanted to. They'll get it all, and it won't take long. It'll all be over soon."

The United Mine Workers of America has never had a strong base in Martin County, and recent attempts to organize the mines there have failed. Only about 20 percent of the county's miners belong to the UMW, and all of them work for one company. Even though the union is in the midst of a national strike over a new contract—a strike increasingly accompanied by incidents of violence—union pickets in Martin County have had only limited success in shutting down nonunion mine operations.

The current strike, all sides agree, can only dent the Martin County coal boom temporarily. Too much is at stake to stop it—the nation's energy needs, the investments and profits of the Norfolk & Western Railway and several large coal companies, the continued recovery of Martin County itself, the livelihood of several thousand miners.

The mines will return to full production, the trains and trucks will roll, coal tonnage and per capita income will be back up—and so will some of the other things that have risen dramatically in Martin County in recent years: crime, divorce, mental health cases, property values. Sales of new cars and trucks have increased 500 percent in the past 12 years, and there are nearly 20 times as many house trailers in the county as there were in 1965.

Of the 48 students in the 1957 graduating class at Inez High School, all but three had left the county within a year; now, half of them are back, working mostly in the coal industry. More students stay in school to graduate now, but fewer go on to college, choosing instead to become coal miners. The school system and even the bank are having trouble keeping male employees, because the pay is two or three times greater in the mines. A few women have joined the ranks of the miners, and the average age of miners is now no more than 30.

Martin County remains isolated. The nearest hospital is 20 miles away, the nearest television station 60 (and it's in West Virginia), the nearest interstate highway and commercial airport also 60. There are no fast-food outlets, no beer or whiskey sales (the county is legally dry), no libraries, no recreation centers, no sewers, no zoning laws.

What there is in abundance is what there has always been: coal, and poverty. "The poor people here are just the same as ever," a longtime resident of the county says. "They've been exploited, but never really helped. As far as I can tell, nothing ever touched them. Maybe the new politicians will help."

Maybe. The politics of Martin County may be changing, but skeptics prefer to wait and see. The newly elected county judge served twice before—and in the interim received a federal prison sentence for fraudulent misuse of flood disaster relief funds. Charges of vote-buying, influence-peddling and misuse of public money are often heard, no matter who is in office.

And no matter who is in office, there is the coal. In the gray gloom of winter, the earth looks wounded, violated. Great, gaping slashes across the faces of mountains expose their bones of stone. Trees are strewn about like broken matchsticks, boulders like discarded building blocks. Strip-mine excavations have opened winding caverns of sandstone and coal in exposed seams, and the barren cliffs stretch endlessly in all directions, too vast to be encompassed in the eye or the mind. The transformed terrain looks more like the wastelands of the West than the mountains of Kentucky.

From the air, there is a different perspective. The hollows are being filled with discarded overburden from the mountain tops. The decapitated peaks are becoming high plains, tablelands, mountain mesas. Muddy silt ponds and pale green clumps of new grass—part of the reclamation effort—dot the landscape. At one site, a monstrous drag line with a bucket scoop big enough to hold a four-room house lifts mouthfuls of matter like some prehistoric beast at pasture. Trains loaded with processed coal wind for miles through the hollows like giant black snakes, crawling toward the main line across the Tug River. Whenever they pass within hearing distance, the trains and their mournful whistles echo a constant reminder: Martin County is oozing, bleeding, hemorrhaging coal.

The three-room house has been expanded to four. The front porch lists precariously on its concrete-block props. Black smoke from a coal fire curls lazily out of the chimney above the tin roof.

The front door is standing open. On the wall opposite, a haloed Jesus looks down benignly upon a soap opera being played out in color on a TV set in the corner. There is a beige telephone on one wall. Across the room, a small, frail woman is asleep on the sofa, a blanket clutched closely about her chin. The knock at the door doesn't awaken her, but presently a man comes slowly from the back of the house to the door.

He is a little past 50, but looks much older. His thin, wrinkled face frames deep-set, distracted eyes. His jaw sprouts a stubble of gray whiskers.

Of his eight children, only the youngest, an 18-year-old boy, lives at home. The rest have gone, most of them to cities in Ohio. None of them got past the eighth grade in school. The man's wife has been sick, and he himself has not worked much in recent years.

When the War on Poverty began, he was a symbol of need and of hope; when it ended, he was a victim, a casualty, a symbol of its failures. The coal boom likewise has failed to touch him. It eventually will, however, for he, like all the other people of Martin County, is living atop a coal seam. He owns the little plot of ground on which his shack sits, but Pocahontas owns the coal beneath, and one day they will come for it. Like all the others, he waits with resignation for that day.

The man does not want to talk about Lyndon Johnson, or the War on Poverty, or coal mining, or the future. He doesn't really want to talk at all, but he is polite and patient, waiting for a stranger's next question.

There is no next question. All the questions have been asked, and answered. The stranger mumbles thanks, and goodbye. The door closes behind Tom Fletcher. ●

"...the Sansui tradition: solid, well thought-out...performance right up there with the best... a fine value..." HIGH FIDELITY MAGAZINE*

If you're not yet convinced that Sansui receivers stand in a class by themselves, we'll try a different approach. Read what the editors say. After all, they're the experts.

"Here is yet another receiver in what we have come to think of as the Sansui tradition: solid, well thought-out...delivering performance right up there with the best....

"Some 'extras' are immediately apparent when you lay an inquiring finger on the controls. The tone knobs are stepped...and include a MIDRANGE as well as the usual BASS and TREBLE...two phono inputs...mono mike input with its own mixing level control...There also is output-power metering...One special feature of the 7070 is its provision for outboard decoding of Dolby** FM broadcasts.

"The amplifier section is rated at 18dBW (60 watts) per channel and actually will pump out 1/2dB (10 watts) more before exceeding the distortion rating at any audio frequency. More impressive, harmonic distortion is far below Sansui's 0.3% rating at all tested power levels.... Intermodulation too is low....

"...if your expectations are high, there's very little about the 7070 that we think might disappoint you. Feel and finish of the parts is excellent, as we have come to expect of Sansui. The capable amplifier section has enough power for use with two pairs of speakers...the tuner section is among the best; the ancillary functions ...are comprehensive and efficient. All in all, a fine value for the money."

See your local franchised Sansui dealer for a demonstration of the beautifully styled 7070, one of the only mid-powered receivers that offers twin power meters. You'll find that the experts are right. Musical quality is excellent and a finer value can't be found. It is what you've come to expect from Sansui.

A whole new world of musical pleasure.

*High Fidelity Magazine, Dec. '76 **Trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.
Simulated woodgrain cabinet.

SANSUI ELECTRONICS CORP.
Woodside, New York 11377 • Gardena, California 90247
SANSUI ELECTRIC CO., LTD., Tokyo, Japan
SANSUI AUDIO EUROPE S.A., Antwerp, Belgium • In Canada: Electronic Distributors

Sansui

Stereo receiver 7070
POWER
POWER
Sansui
SPEAKERS
PHONES
BASS
MIDRANGE
TREBLE
VOLUME
BALANCE
LOUDNESS
MODE
TAPE PLAY
MIC LEVEL
MIC
SELECTOR
TRIPLE TONE CONTROL

Why we make it simple.

Honda set out to design one car that suited the basic transportation needs of the entire world.

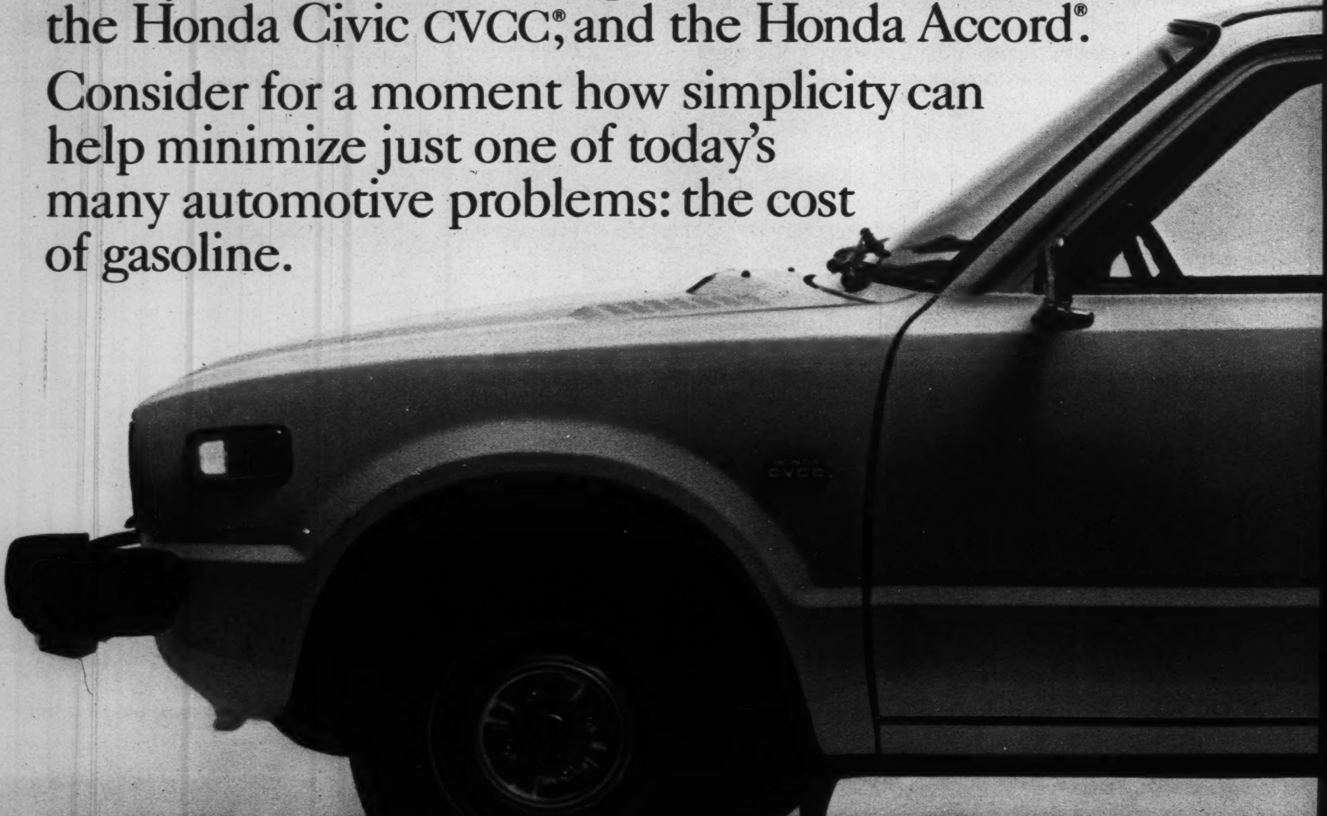
So to help us discover that basic design we studied and analyzed data from 91 different countries. We collected information on everything from road conditions in Morocco to rainfall in Denmark to the dimensions of the average motorist in the United States.

In time the answer became clear. If Honda was to fill a universal need, we would have to build a simple car.

Simple to drive, simple to park, simple to understand, simple to own.

Today we offer three simple cars. The Honda Civic® 1200*, the Honda Civic CVCC®, and the Honda Accord®.

Consider for a moment how simplicity can help minimize just one of today's many automotive problems: the cost of gasoline.



HONDA CIVIC CVCC SEDAN

© 1978 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.

All Hondas meet emissions requirements without a catalytic converter. So all Hondas run on regular as well as unleaded gasoline.

But don't be misled. A simple design is often the most difficult. For all their simplicity, Hondas are among the most sophisticated cars in their price range.

There is, of course, another reason why we make simple cars. The reason is you. We know that choosing a new car can be a complex problem.

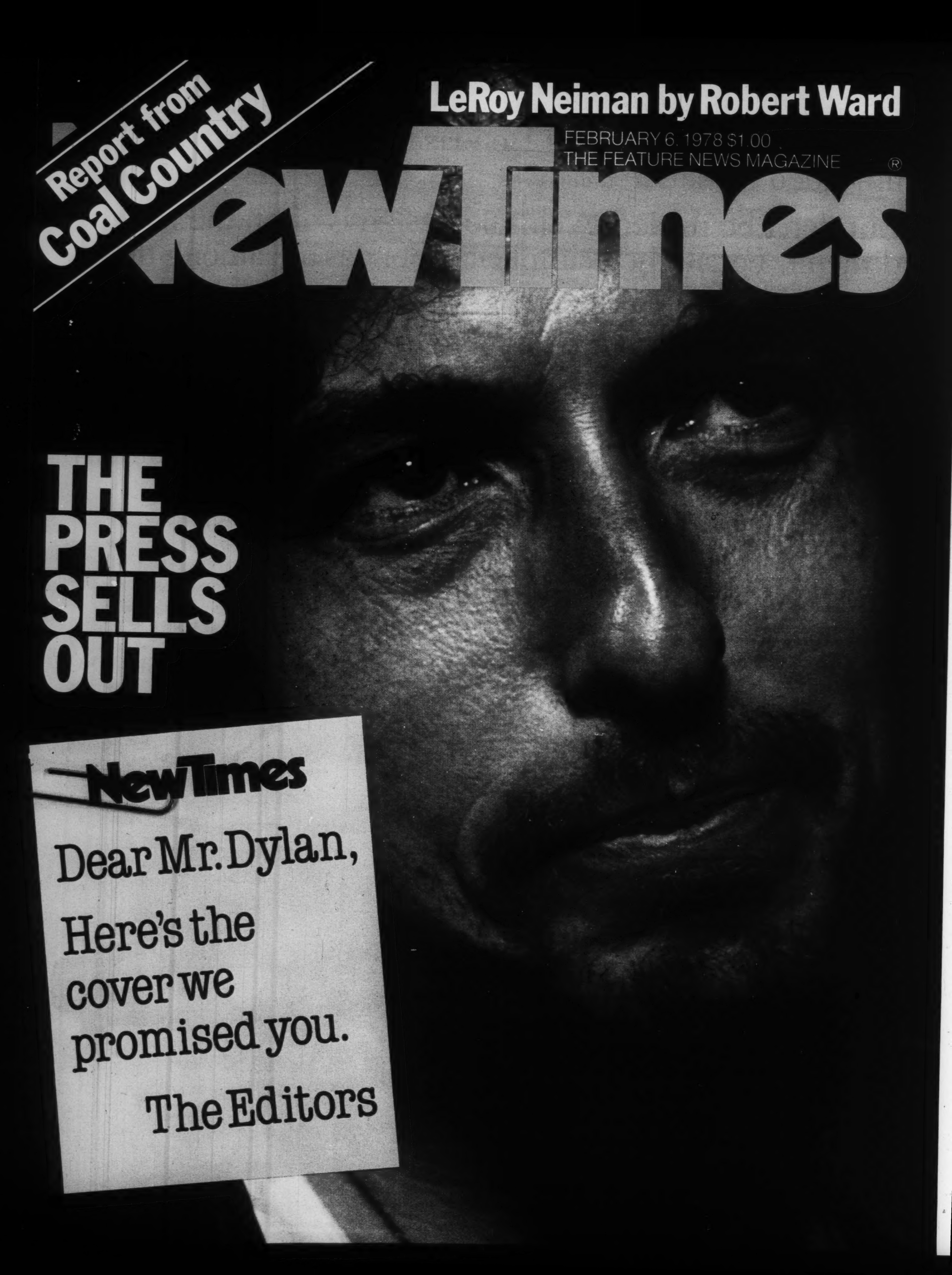
It's a problem, however, that we can solve quite easily by giving you your choice of just three cars.

There. Now haven't we made your life simple?

HONDA

We make it simple.

*Civic 1200 not available in California and high altitude areas. Civic®, CVCC®, Accord®, and Civic 1200 are Honda trademarks.



Report from Coal Country

LeRoy Neiman by Robert Ward

FEBRUARY 6, 1978 $1.00
THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

New Times ®

THE PRESS SELLS OUT

New Times

Dear Mr. Dylan,

Here's the cover we promised you.

The Editors

STAR WARS

In an era of rapidly expanding celebrity coverage, magazines now find themselves bartering away not only space but editorial control, all for the titillating interview and the hot-selling cover face

by Peter S. Greenberg

There's a new twist to the old game of sweetheart journalism: it's called contract coverage. From Anwar Sadat to the Sex Pistols—with predecessors from Jerry Rubin to Richard Nixon—the name of the game is: understand the media; then try to manipulate it. Unfortunately, many celebs are succeeding beyond their wildest dreams. The growing club of superstars and would-be giants who have successfully maneuvered the press includes Robert Redford, Henry Kissinger, John Denver, Glen Campbell, Helen Reddy, James Taylor and Carly Simon, Daniel Ellsberg, Sylvester Stallone, Robert DeNiro and Barbra Streisand. As a result, a fine and fragile line has been established between news and package entertainment, journalism and press release.

Celebrities, particularly of the show business variety, have found themselves with the upper hand in their old arm wrestle with the media. One simple statistic tells the tale: *Newsweek* ran twice as many show business covers in 1977 as it did in 1976.

"There's a great deal of public apathy towards news," says *Newsweek* cultural affairs editor Charles Michener. "Jimmy Carter is a risky property as a cover for the newsweeklies now. There just isn't that intense public interest. The line is growing very blurred between news and entertainment. The *New York Times,* Time Inc. and *Newsweek* are giving entertainment a legitimacy it never had. Let's face it, it's big business, and agents and PR people are now in the position of playing magazines off against each other in ways they never could before. It obviously has to do with people seeking escape . . . "

"In some strange way," says Shep Gordon, manager of Alice Cooper, Raquel Welch and a host of other stars and one of today's most successful packagers, "we're really dealing with the inevitable here. Whether you're a Dodge salesman, a Good Humor man, an entertainer or a member of the press, you're dealing in a product. We've all come to the terrifying realization that we're all in business and business ain't nice. It's just a matter of how deeply involved in business the press cares to admit to being."

There is no doubt, of course, that Kate Jackson on the cover of *People* magazine sells more copies than a profile of Secretary of Agriculture Bob Bergland. How *much* more is a frightening demographic statistic. "It's all very well researched," says publicist David Horowitz. "People are reading so much less that sometimes they'd much rather have a star on the cover with hardly any copy than five pages on the inside."A *Playboy* issue which featured Barbra Streisand on the cover, for example, was one of the year's better-selling issues.

The hype stakes have simply gotten higher. "We've reached a point where the public has become accustomed to hype," says Gordon. "And they seem to accept it in all its forms." A recent example was *The Land of Hype and Glory,* an NBC News special hosted by Edwin Newman. It was meant to *report* the hype phenomenon, but was loaded with a menagerie of subtle mini-hypes. The show was sponsored in part by the *National Star,* which was promoting a story on how Tony Orlando was "saved by God." Large portions of the program were devoted to the rock group Kiss, movies *The Deep* and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind,* and singer Donna Summer. The prime-time exposure was priceless. And even as Edwin Newman pontificated on the evils of the current hyperbolic state of America, all three networks were hosting junketing TV "critics" from newspapers around the country at the Century-Plaza Hotel in Los Angeles—to promote their revised "second season" program schedule!

Another recent example that illustrates the point, but didn't work out so well, hypewise, involves Bob Dylan. Mr. Tambourine Man has a new movie, a four-hour effort called *Renaldo and Clara,* into which he has sunk a significant amount of his own money. To retrieve some of it, he has come out of seclusion—and his current divorce case—long enough to launch a blitzkrieg media campaign aimed at getting the film maximum exposure. Last spring, Dylan associates approached writers Lucian Truscott and Jesse Kornbluth about chronicling Bob's metamorphosis into a serious, adult film artist. Both writers were selected as "serious," not "hippie rock-writers," but the project was dropped.

Paul Wasserman handles publicity chores for Dylan. He's considered one of the best press agents in the business. Wasserman, or "Wasso" as he likes to be called, is as aggressive and pushy as he is mild and softspoken. He is extremely well-liked, and his client list reads like a Malibu Colony Who's Who: Linda Ronstadt, James Taylor, Paul Simon, etc. In the business, Wasso is known for protecting his clients, for being, if you will, a sup-press agent. However, with the Dylan campaign, the tactics are different.

It's a simple carrot and stick approach. Here's the pitch, made to a number of preselected magazines including *Rolling Stone, Newsweek, Time, Us, People, Esquire* and *New Times*: big Bob wants to talk, but he'll only do it for the cover. In some cases, Dylan also asked for and received copy approval.

One by one, writers for some of the publications mentioned above have been escorted into Dylan's brave new world—a bleak former furniture factory in Santa Monica he's been renting as a rehearsal hall for his new band. (The hall is close to Santa Monica's Superior Court, where Dylan's divorce from his wife, Sara, is now proceeding.) One of his new girlfriends, a well-known country singer, called him up after *Rolling*

KEN REGAN/CAMERA 5

Stone's piece appeared: "Why are you doing all these interviews, Bob?"

"Well," he supposedly replied, in his normally subdued manner, "I don't have the money for the advertising I'd like to do for the movie. If I do this I'll get it anyway, but in a more credible way."

Dylan has a point. In return for access, *Rolling Stone* gave him a cover. Also, it reportedly gave him the interview transcript to edit. One source told *New Times* that *Playboy*, too, gave Dylan total copy approval, but executive editor G. Barry Golson vehemently denies it: "We're not about to give Dylan anything we didn't give Carter. Because of our long lead time, we usually give 'em [interview subjects] a chance to check galleys for *accuracy*. And that's all we did with Dylan, except for one thing: we acceded to his request to delete some references to his children, because he's going through divorce proceedings." The interview will appear in the March *Playboy*, which goes on sale roughly the time *Renaldo and Clara* opens.

But Dylan is far from being alone in his demands.

When Larry Grobel, an interviewer for *Playboy*, finally arrived at Barbra Streisand's Holmby Hills home after waiting seven months for a firm date, he was greeted by a two-page, single-spaced contract giving Streisand total editorial control and ownership of the tapes. Grobel claims Streisand ultimately agreed to the interview without the document being signed. Prior to *Playboy*, *Rolling Stone* had offered Streisand the cover and both copy and photo approval if she would sit for an interview. When Barbara Walters interviewed Streisand and Jon Peters for an ABC News special, Streisand was given final cut on the unfinished videotape. To soften the blow to its news credibility, ABC ran the edited program under the aegis of its entertainment division.

"You want to know why the stars are getting away with this?" asks Los Angeles PR man Bob Gibson. "It's simple dollars and cents. In the music business we're in the era of platinum consciousness and disposable journalism. Major magazines have allowed themselves to become talk shows for the semi-literate. And the publications are as guilty as the publicists. We're both involved in an aggressive competition to sell an image first."

Selling the image best means the cover. "I don't think there's anything wrong with Dylan demanding the cover," says publicist Ronni Chasen, who represents Kate Jackson and George Burns, among others. "If you're a superstar, you should try to get as much control over the press as you can. It's like everything else in this business. It's just making another deal."

The entertainment cover story had a record year in 1977. "It's all a question of need," says *Newsweek*'s Charles Michener. "When the news was hot during Watergate I could pretty much pick and choose what entertainment stories we wanted to cover. We could develop ideas and profiles at our own pace. Today if Donna Summer or even Grace Jones twitches her nose in public, PR people are calling you and demanding coverage."

Been Down So Long It Looks Like TIME For Me

Few entertainers understand how the press works better than Joan Baez, if only because she has been around so long. For her album *Blowin' Away*, she composed and sang a song called **"Time Rag"** the first 20 lines of which explain the symbiotic relationship of stars and media:

Rippin' along towards middle age
and my music career kinda missed a page
record sales began to drop
the management all began to hop
not to worry they said you'll see
what you need is some fresh publicity
just give us a nod
and we'll all leap
towards putting you back at the top of the heap
I said fine, I'll give it a whack
I hung up the phone and I turned my back
began daydreaming I was somebody else
when the phone jumped over from the wall to the shelf
we just had a break
this is really fine
we can make the January issue of Time
if you'll give us Monday
a week from today
from two to four
now what do you say

In Baez's case, the deal finally falls through. She sings:

Well, I never gave him quite what he came for,
the inside story, and it's really a shame
for I never made the January issue of Time.*

Irving Azoff doesn't demand coverage. Most of the artists he manages need more publicity like America needs more nerve gas. "My people talk only when they have something to say," he says, "but I'm constantly being besieged by magazines who want covers on groups like the Eagles." When he demands it, some magazines—Azoff won't say which—offer both copy and art approval. "I only demanded it because I wanted to set some ground rules for the interviews," Azoff explains. "But I can't believe it when they agree right away. I've always felt it just wasn't ethical to do things that way." Not everyone agrees with Azoff. "We need some control of the press," says agent-manager Jay Bernstein, who is generally credited with publicizing and marketing Farrah Fawcett. "If I can get story approval, I do," he says. "When a magazine calls and wants Farrah, the only thing she'll do is the cover." Already, the former Charlie's Angel has done 48 (including a *New Times* spoof). "When you've reached our level," says Bernstein, "you're the buyer, not the seller."

And therein lies a major problem. "Sooner or later," says James Willwerth, a West Coast *Time* correspondent, "the big stars become so powerful they believe, rightly or wrongly, that they can manipulate the media. The more powerful they think they are, the more paranoid they become towards the press."

As a result, many publicists are caught in the middle between the coverage demands of their clients and the interests of good journalism. The client usually wins. Reliable sources have informed *New Times* that in 1973, *Rolling Stone* gave Art Garfunkel copy approval for his cover; the magazine reportedly gave the same deal to James Taylor in 1971 and Carly Simon in 1975; Daniel Ellsberg is supposed to have had approval. *Playboy*, according to Sylvester Stallone's manager, Jeff Wald, offered a number of copy and art checks and control in return for an interview with the actor: "Utter bullshit," laughs Golson. "When Larry Linderman was in the middle of the Stallone interview, Sylvester saw our Streisand cover—a departure, I might add—and thought it would be a good idea if we did the same for him. I told him, 'But Syl, we only put *girls* on the cover of *Playboy*.' We are not going to make the interview conditional." Most music and entertainment-oriented magazines, however, do. They offer copy approval as a regular negotiating tool. *Time* and *Newsweek* insist that they don't, "but it's all a matter of semantics," says one New York studio publicist. "You might call it a demand, and we might label it a polite request. If that request becomes a prerequisite to coverage, we find more often than not that it is eventually honored. The more intense the competition, the faster the major magazines cooperate."

"It's getting so vicious out there," says Ronnie Lippin, former publicist for Elton John and ABC Records, "that we're approaching the level of written contracts between the artist and the press for just about everybody."

Unfortunately, that may already be the case. Just last spring *Us* magazine

---

Susan Lyne, associate West Coast editor of New Times, *contributed major reporting for this article.*

---

*Reprinted by permission. © Copyright 1977 Chandos Music (ASCAP). All rights reserved.

© 1978—R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO

"Vantage is changing a lot of my feelings about smoking."

"I like to smoke, and what I like is a cigarette that isn't timid on taste. But I'm not living in some ivory tower. I hear the things being said against high-tar smoking as well as the next guy.

"And so I started looking. For a low-tar smoke that had some honest-to-goodness cigarette taste.

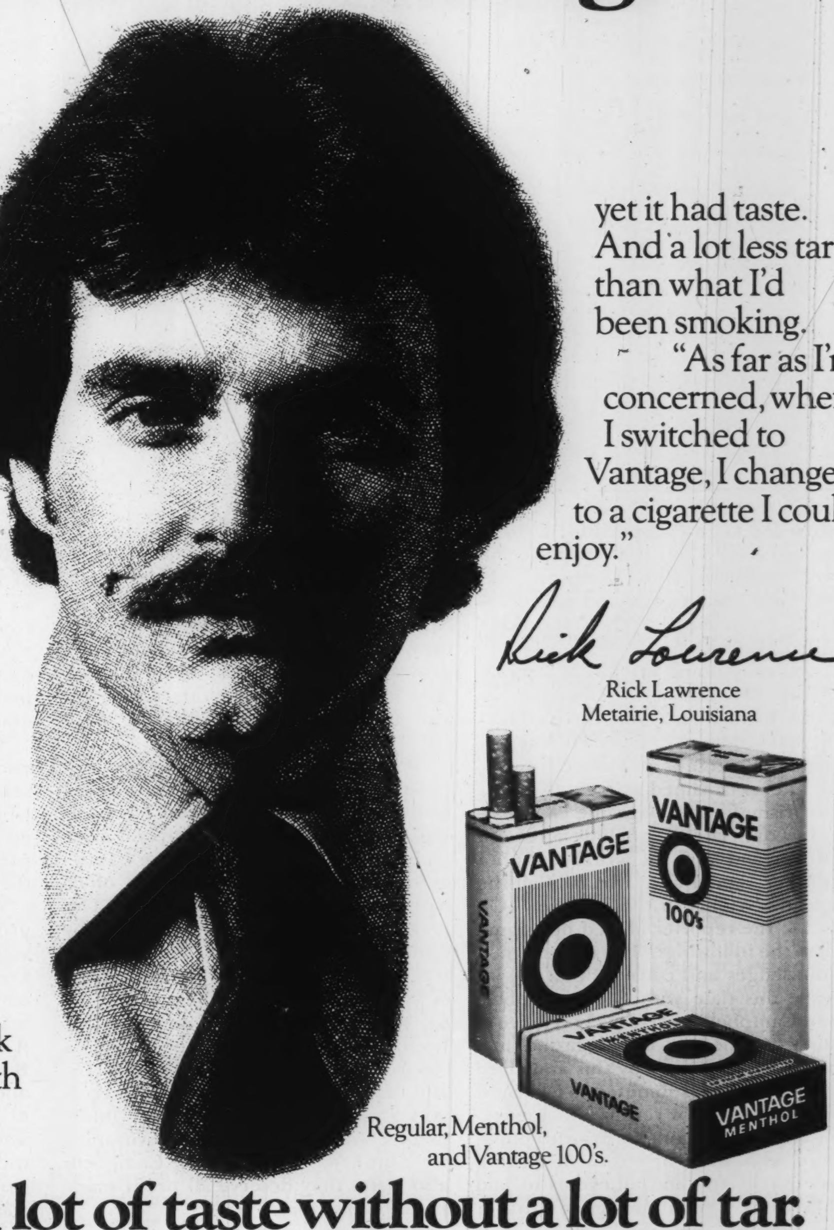
"It wasn't easy. The low-tar cigarettes I tried tasted like chalk. And high-tar cigarettes were starting to taste rougher as I went along.

"Then I tried a pack of Vantage. It was smooth yet it had taste. And a lot less tar than what I'd been smoking.

"As far as I'm concerned, when I switched to Vantage, I changed to a cigarette I could enjoy."

Rick Lawrence

Rick Lawrence
Metairie, Louisiana

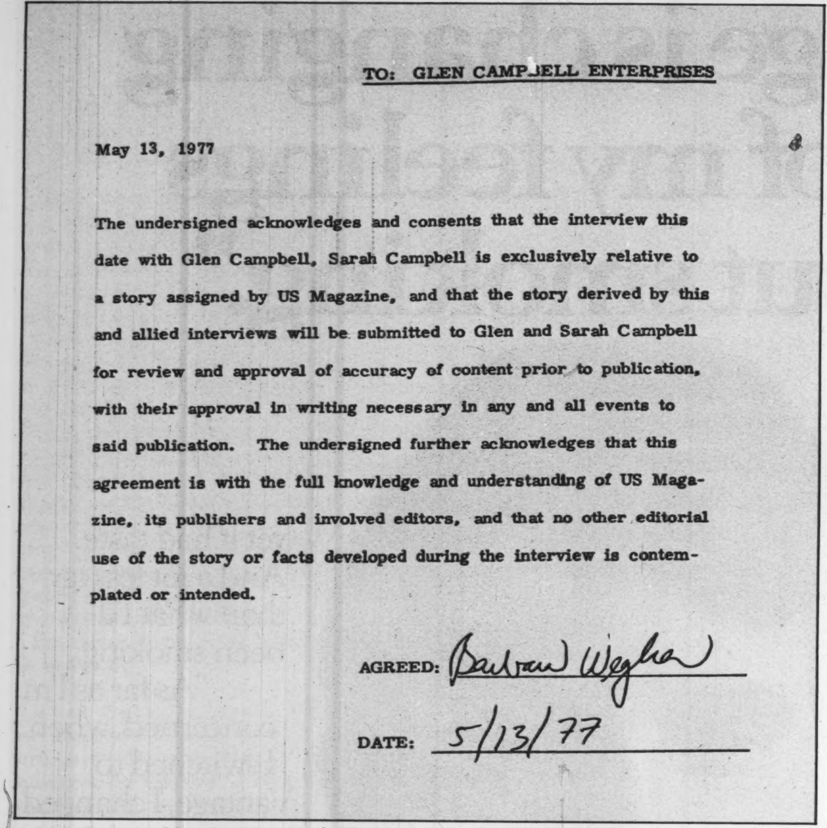


Regular, Menthol, and Vantage 100's.

Vantage. A lot of taste without a lot of tar.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine,
MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77;
FILTER 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



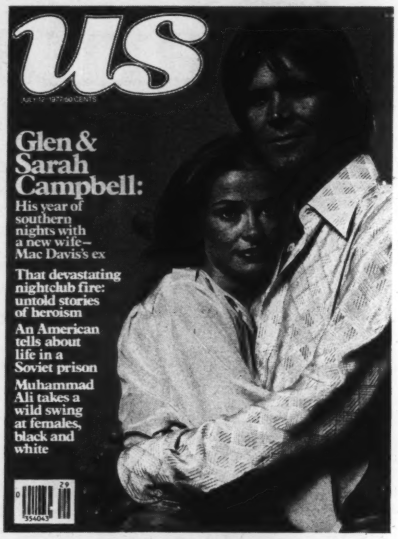
TO: GLEN CAMPBELL ENTERPRISES

May 13, 1977

The undersigned acknowledges and consents that the interview this date with Glen Campbell, Sarah Campbell is exclusively relative to a story assigned by US Magazine, and that the story derived by this and allied interviews will be submitted to Glen and Sarah Campbell for review and approval of accuracy of content prior to publication, with their approval in writing necessary in any and all events to said publication. The undersigned further acknowledges that this agreement is with the full knowledge and understanding of US Magazine, its publishers and involved editors, and that no other editorial use of the story or facts developed during the interview is contemplated or intended.

AGREED: Barbara Wegher

DATE: 5/13/77


us
JULY 12 1977 60 CENTS
Glen & Sarah Campbell:
His year of southern nights with a new wife—Mac Davis's ex
That devastating nightclub fire: untold stories of heroism
An American tells about life in a Soviet prison
Muhammad Ali takes a wild swing at females, black and white

Cover letter: The Campbells were promised—but didn't get—control of the story. So it's them vs. *US*

(which is owned by the *New York Times*) approached Glen Campbell for a story. "You can have Glen if I can have the cover," publicist Bob Levinson told them, "and I want copy and photo approval." *Us* declined. "Then you don't get Glen," he said.

"I was only doing my job as a publicist," says Levinson now. "Glen and Sarah (the former Mrs. Mac Davis) didn't really want to do interviews. He was getting a lot of bad raps, so I asked for controls. I never dreamed we'd get them."

Surprisingly, the magazine capitulated a few days later. It not only agreed to the cover, but both the writer and photographer signed away virtually all the magazines' rights to the interview. On May 13, the reporter affixed her signature to the following: "The undersigned acknowledges and consents that the interview this date with Glen Campbell, Sarah Campbell is exclusively relative to a story assigned by US Magazine, and that the story derived by this and allied interviews will be submitted to Glen and Sarah Campbell for review and approval of accuracy of content prior to publication, with their approval in writing necessary in any and all events to said publication. The undersigned further acknowledges that this agreement is with the full knowledge and understanding of US Magazine, its publishers and involved editors, and that no other editorial use of the story or facts developed during the interview is contemplated or intended."

When the issue date was upon them, however, Levinson realized that neither the promised manuscript nor the photo proof-sheet had arrived. He called *Us* in New York. "An editor there told me they never let anyone have any copy approval," Levinson recalls, "but I said you gave it, and I got it in writing, and if you run this piece without showing it to Glen, you're in trouble."

Despite a handful of telegrams and protests, *Us* chose to ignore Levinson's warning. They ran the piece. Levinson was promptly fired by Campbell after ten years of representation (the *Us* cover now hangs in his Hollywood office bathroom directly above the toilet). The magazine was then promptly sued by Campbell's attorney. Not for libel, not for invasion of privacy, but for breach of contract! The suit, which also seeks $1 million in punitive damages for fraud, alleges that the Campbells were a "source" for a story about them in *Us*, and that as sources they were given certain assurances about how their information would be used. The assurances were broken. As a result, the Campbells also claim they deserve all profit made by *Us* on the story.

The *Us* managing editor at the time, Reynolds Dodson, declined to comment. The present managing editor, Ron Martin, told *New Times*: "It's certainly not our policy to make any such deals," but refused further comment.

The *Us* suit follows an action filed by Jeff Wald (he is also manager and husband of Helen Reddy) and others against *New York*, *New West* and writer Mary Murphy, concerning Murphy's controversial piece on superstars and their husbands. After an initial run in both Murdoch publications, the piece was syndicated in the *National Star* and elsewhere.

Wald promptly sued, claiming breach of contract. In this case there was no written contract, but Wald claimed a copyright infringement of Helen. Wald settled the suit out of court, and the case may have set a precedent on the question of who exactly owns an interview once it is completed.

"You can't really get mad at publicists," argues Dick Grant, who represents Ann Margret, Valerie Perrine and Cheryl Ladd, "because you should realize that these magazines are creating problems for themselves by agreeing to these cover demands."

When *Us* wanted to put the rock group Heart on the cover, it negotiated with the group's public-relations firm in Los Angeles. "They were hot for the cover," says Bob Emmer, Heart's PR man, "and after much discussion, we set it up in Seattle where the group lives. But then the magazine called us back and openly solicited us to pay the writer's transportation to Washington. Here was a situation where we had not used the transportation cost as barter for the story, but at the same time we didn't want to stand in the way of a cover."

Emmer convinced CBS Records, the group's label, to advance the round-trip air fare between Seattle and San Francisco for the writer, and, according to Emmer, picked up the tab for a hotel room as well. But the story never ran, and Emmer dashed off an angry letter to *Us* editors in New York essentially demanding CBS' money back. "We don't like to be in the position of financing their cover story," Emmer says, "*especially* if we're not going to get it."

Time and *Newsweek* now compete for personality covers the way they once competed for news. And they do it exceedingly well. When Lily Tomlin was about to open on Broadway last year, both magazines commenced a game of journalistic "chicken" in which no one blinked. *Time* flew to Chicago for her pre-New York performances, convinced it had an exclusive. Then *Newsweek*'s Jack Kroll arrived in the Windy City after the *Time* cover had been written and a week before it was scheduled to run. Both magazines had approached Tomlin some time earlier, and, according to one *Time* reporter, Tomlin's PR people had asked *Time* to guarantee a specific cover date. Barring confrontation in the Middle East, they did. "We thought we had an exclusive," says Leo Janos, who reported the cover for *Time*, "and Henry Grunwald (*Time*'s managing editor at the time) couldn't believe we hadn't been double-crossed by the PR people. But I think it was just a matter of Jack Kroll being an assertive, good journalist. The problem," he adds, "is that we both looked rather dumb."

Newsweek rushed its cover, hoping to beat *Time* to the newsstand. When it learned both covers were going to coincide, *Newsweek* ran Kroll's piece—which turned out to be the better of the two—on the inside.

Then came Richard Pryor. *Newsweek* apparently persuaded Pryor not to talk to anyone else in return for a cover, but *Time* wanted him as well. The result? *Newsweek* got its exclusive, but Pryor lost his cover: David Berkowitz, the Son of Sam, preempted him. *Time* ran an inside cover on Pryor the same week without ever having talked to the comedian.

Perhaps the most flagrant example of recent manipulation was United Artists' promotion of the movie *New York, New York*. Leo Janos claims that when he had originally called United Artists to express his interest in a possible cover on the project, "the producers told me they had decided to go with *Newsweek*, claiming they were angry at *Time* for a cover story on *Rocky* they said *Time* promised but didn't deliver." Several weeks later, however, United Artists approached *Time* in New York. "They told the editors *Newsweek* had not decided about whether to go with the cover," says Janos. "Therefore they were going to allow *Time* to do the cover instead." UA even went so far as to suggest *who* at *Time* should write the piece. The screening was arranged in Los Angeles, and some of the magazine's top editors flew out to see the DeNiro/Minelli musical. It was only after they arrived and viewed the film that they learned—by accident—that *Newsweek's* Kroll had once again beaten them. "You should have seen their faces," says Janos, "when they discovered that Kroll had already interviewed DeNiro for hours." (*Newsweek* ran a cover; *Time* waited two months and ran their story inside.)

Then, of course, there was the notorious case of the simultaneous Bruce Springsteen covers. It was considered a major PR coup for Columbia Records at the time, but the truth is that it was one notable case where press agentry was innocent—the media simply manipulated itself. Henry Grunwald at *Time* later confided to a friend that he felt the Springsteen incident was his greatest mistake as managing editor.

Et tu, New Times?

New Times is not without its own copy conundrum. In our March 5 and April 16, 1976, issues, we printed a two-part interview with Bill and Emily Harris, who were on trial for their involvement in the Patty Hearst kidnapping. The Harrises were paid $10,000 between them for "writing fees," the rationale being that the two-part series was derived as much from written answers to written interrogatories as from the actual jailhouse interviews by Robert Scheer and Susan Lyne. In fact, much of the final manuscript went through Emily Harris' typewriter just days before press time. Question is—was this an acceptable form of payment for autobiography, or was it rather a case of both checkbook journalism and copy approval for a celebrity interview?

"Publicists have been under the gun ever since Springsteen," says PR woman Ronnie Lippin. "The minute those covers hit the stands, every two-bit artist in the world ran to us saying, 'If he can do it, how come you can't do it for me?' " For some of the big PR firms with large client rosters it was particularly rough. "Everyone wanted press, and a lot of PR people were forced to use the superstars as bait for some of their lesser clients," says Lippin. "The way they handled it, if you wanted to speak to God, you had to talk to thirty disciples first; if you wanted Fleetwood Mac, you had to talk to twenty other people on the label first. That is really dirty shit," she says, "because that's when people get space who never deserve it." The Springsteen incident caused a mini-revolution among mediocre entertainers: they *had* to see their names in print. "And the problem," Lippin shrugs, "is that you must do it for them or you lose the account. "These artists are making your job impossible, and so you make these ugly deals and hope the editors won't hate you for it later."

"We want *The Wiz* to penetrate all the markets," Motown film producer Rob Cohen tells New York PR wizard Bobby Zarem on the NBC *Hype* program. "And we've come to you because I think you can manipulate the media sufficiently well." Indeed he can. Zarem, who has represented everyone from Dustin Hoffman and Cybil Shepherd to Arnold Schwarzenegger, was the recipient of what has to be the orgasmic PR coup of 1977. Last January, both *Newsweek* and *Time*—in the same week, with virtually the same headline—ran pieces on . . . Bobby Zarem. "The public doesn't understand the difference," he says, "between hype and intelligent relating to the press." Some media watchers contend that the public is long resigned to the cynical conclusion that the press has always been too cozy with its subjects. "The only practical answer I see," says Ben Bagdikian, our best journalism critic and author of *The Effete Conspiracy: And Other Crimes by the Press*, "is to treat these people the same way you would a politician who wants control of the copy or the questions that are to be asked. If they won't give you the information just go somewhere else. Journalists need to bargain from a position of strength. Until *someone* is willing to spoil the deal, we're all going to be trapped in this business of offering up goodies."

Unfortunately, in recent years one of the major weekly newsmagazines has tended to treat its political subjects the same way it treats the stars. When pressured, it has been known to send prepublication copies of interviews to world leaders and decision-makers, presumably to check "quote accuracy." (Kissinger was notorious for demanding this.) Lately, Monachim Begin and Anwar Sadat have had the opportunity to edit their interviews. "We're always under pressure from these people to get the interviews played back well before our closing," says one newsweekly editor. "The implication, at the very least, is that they'll have time to change it."

And the notion that the press can *literally* be bought is growing, as the Sidney Schectman incident in Los Angeles amply illustrates. For almost three years, beginning in the summer of 1974, Schechtman ran a profitable little operation convincing American and Canadian businessmen that he could buy them an article in one of a number of respectable magazines: for $6,000, they could read about themselves in *Fortune*; for $1,000, in *People;* and for $350, in *Business Week*. In Los Angeles alone 30 victims payed Schechtman a total of $33,000 (only the reported figure; authorities feel the actual figure was higher), many with the idea that their money was going to pay off editors.

When Schechtman was running his

con game in New York in 1970, he tapped Robert Veech, a Long Island inventor. When he asked Schectman how he could do it for so little money, Schechtman assured him that $350 slipped to the right *Life* magazine editor would take care of it. "I wish I had just picked up the phone and called Time-Life when Schechtman first approached me," Veech told *New West* magazine in an interview last year. "But I wasn't surprised when he told me editors took bribes. I think it's probably a very common attitude among lay people. It exists everywhere else, why should the publishing business be any different?"

Bagdikian says public confidence in responsible reporting is still being bouyed by the recent Woodward/Bernstein Watergate feat, but that with the Schechtman case in point it has begun to erode "There's a growing dilemma in the press," says Farrah Fawcett's manager, Jay Bernstein, "between writing about someone and selling a product. You realize the hype industry is a definite two-way street."

Journalism has truly become a marketing problem. Defining the lines of privacy and good taste daily becomes more acute. "We've become too obsessed with the private lives of personalities," says Barbara Wilkins, former West Coast bureau chief for *People* magazine. "I wouldn't be interviewed by one of us, would you? It gets to the

RENALDO AND WASSO

by Joel Kotkin

Ever since he handled the press on the Rolling Thunder Revu in 1974, Paul Wasserman has been firmly in control of marketing the Bob Dylan legend. And Wasserman now plots out a media strategy for Dylan's *Renaldo and Clara*, much as he has coordinated the hype for Diane Keaton, the Rolling Stones, Neil Diamond, Linda Ronstadt, James Taylor and Paul Simon.

"I get the best deal I can get," Wasserman (otherwise known as "Wasso") explains over lunch at the Century City Hamburger Hamlet. The deal, he admits, often includes such things as guaranteed magazine covers for his clients and, sometimes, control over the copy inside.

"Why do the magazines do it?" Wasserman snarls. "Well, it's because they want the stars to sell more copies. Whose fault is it if they agree to put them on the cover? The star? The press agent? Or, maybe the press for going along with it."

But even for Wasso, hyping *Renaldo and Clara* presents problems. The movie, four hours long and nearly incomprehensible, is not a box-office natural, and Dylan knows it. "The first thing Bob told me about the movie," Wasso recalls, allowing a rare smile, "was, 'It's not *Star Wars*, is it Paul?' . . ."

Nevertheless, Wasserman told a somewhat surprised Dylan that with a few cover stories and interviews in the right places, the people out there, their interest in his mystique rekindled, would flock to the theaters.

"Bob asked me if I could do anything with this picture," Wasso says. "I said I could do something with the press if he could make himself available. After all, the real Dylan buffs would only keep us going for the first few couple of weeks."

Among the vehicles chosen to disseminate the Dylan resurrection were the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, *Playboy*, *New York*, *Rolling Stone* and *New Times*, none of whose writers would have stood a chance of getting through Dylan's Point Dume door before the release of *Renaldo and Clara*.

But this doesn't mean the star's snowing us, explains Dylan's pied hyper. "When Dylan won't do interviews, he's a — —; but when he needs to do them, he's selling out," Wasserman snorts. "You just can't win."

It is a drab day in Santa Monica, a slow news day in a slow news decade, and therefore a perfect day for Paul Wasserman, who is talking on a wall phone in a converted furniture store where Dylan has established his West Coast theater of operations. Dylan arrives an hour late: "Paul, aren't I supposed to talk to someone?" he asks in a bored monotone. Wasserman points at me, and Dylan passes by without another word. Fifteen minutes later, led by Wasserman, Dylan enters dressed in white shoes, a white sweat shirt and white pants. He offers a limp handshake. Finally, Wasserman's imposing presence departs, and Dylan is left, sniffling with flu, his small hooked (and now quite red) nose the only bit of color to break the monotony of his snowy dress. He fidgets, crossing and recrossing his legs, as the man who once wrote "propaganda all is phony," attempts to explain his media blitz:

Kotkin: Journalists like to play a game about "rebel of the sixties selling out." Has that sort of scrutiny affected your life?

Dylan: Uh-uh. Those people are not my true fans.

K: You mean like *People* magazine?

D: Yeah, I can't get into that stuff. My world is just a world where I know people as people—artists, pickpockets and thieves are all in it. Whatever is written about me, I just have to pay no attention.

K: Have you been following the media coverage?

D: No. Just Jon's. [*Rolling Stone*'s Jonathan Cott]

K: What did you think of that?

D: Jon's piece was fine. He seemed to understand the movie.

K: Do you think the movie will be understood by the people who see it?

D: I don't really think about that. The people who are meant to see it will see it.

K: Any particular group?

D: All the people who are interested in poetry or in human reason at all. I think they'll find something in there to identify with.

K: Anything in particular?

D: I don't really know. That's not my business . . . to sell the movie.

K: But you are doing interviews?

D: Yeah, only so that people will know there's a movie out. That's the only reason.

K: Do you care whether the movie makes money or not?

D: I care, but it's not the main reason we made the movie.

K: What would be the main reason?

D: Just to get the movie out of my system.

K: To exorcise a ghost in any way?

D: No. No. It's a movie. It's an art form. I'm an artist working in art and different mediums. Who wouldn't want to make a movie if they thought they could? It's a visionary dream which I always wanted to do.

K: A lot of readers who read newspapers are regular everyday people. If you're supposedly expressing a vision, they need a vision, too, so they can understand.

D: I don't know who you are talking about.

K: The average person . . .

D: I don't know anybody who is an average person.

K: Do you think that there are many people who won't be able to understand the movie?

D: Possibly . . . When we were writing those songs in the early days a lot of point where the only entertainers, you respect are the ones that turn you down. I mean, how many times can you listen to someone ask you when was the first time you slept with your wife?" *Newsweek*'s Michener agrees. "We're making heroes and heroines of people in the arts because politicians and businessmen are seen as corrupt. Entertainers are more innocent. No matter what they do wrong, it can't be that serious."

The answer, according to Shep Gordon, is somewhere in a mythical flow chart of synthetic news. "In the end it's all manufactured," he says. "Before, the news was managed by the White House with more death and despair. Now we're managing the news, but we're doing it with stars and the kind of hype everyone wants to believe in. And," he adds, "nobody dies."

At hype's end, the official word from Santa Monica is that Dylan has exhausted the "A" list and is now talking—for the cover, of course—to the likes of *Circus* magazine. *Time* saw his movie and was not impressed. Nor did *Newsweek* do a cover. *Esquire* is doing nothing; neither are *Us* and *People*. And *New West*, which had planned coverage, has changed its mind: "I doubt we'll do anything now," says editor Frank Lalli, "we think he's getting too much exposure elsewhere." And that, as they say, is positively, or maybe, main street. ●

---

people didn't grasp them immediately. It's the same thing with the movie. A lot of people aren't going to be able to understand it . . . the times don't allow them to understand it.

K: Do you think that money is irrelevant in this business? You once said, 'Money doesn't exist because I don't recognize it.'

D: Well, I care to a certain extent. There's no salvation in money. If you have enough money to buy a Cadillac, that's cool. That's all I can tell you about money . . .

K. But the type of work you did certainly requires *capital* . . . Do you think that as you've gotten older you've gotten better at handling money?

D: Oh, I don't know. I couldn't say.

K: Well, part of being good at business is hiring the right people, like Paul.

D: Paul is a publicity man.

K: But what he does generates money.

D: Yeah, that's correct. You know, advertising is a big thing, but we couldn't afford it so we hired Paul, see.

K: Paul is there so you can advertise with your name?

D: Well, yeah, well, right. I met Paul on that Bob Dylan/Band tour in 1974. We had a relationship then and . . .

K: And obviously you trust him.

D: Uh-*huh*.

K: Do you feel comfortable with yourself as a movie maker?

D: No, I don't know nothing about making movies. I don't think of myself as a film maker. If daVinci were alive, or Van Gogh, or if Rembrandt were alive, they'd be making films.

K: And therefore it's alright for you to be making films.

D: Exactly. If someone feels they can do it. What's to stop somebody from giving up their job as an accountant to become a rodeo rider?

K: This is 1978, and we still don't know what the seventies are all about. . .

D: I don't know what the seventies are all about. The sixties were a shattering decade. The same thing happened in the 1860s. It seems to happen in the middle of the century. Everything happens in those middle years. The 1960s were not any different than that. Now we're in the seventies, and it's a period of reconstruction. Nothing is happening.

K: We've grown up in a much more violent, much poorer, much more commercialized world than the one you grew up in. If *this* generation renounces what *your* generation did, what will be the continuity?

D: Well, you know, the people of my generation didn't try to make rules for anybody. The people of my generation rebelled against what was; the people in the fifties generation didn't do that.

K: Do you think this generation is replaying the fifties?

D: I dunno. I don't go out to highschools to find out what high school kids are thinking. It ain't a bad idea, but I don't consider myself a spokesman for any generation. I mean, they say the sun is going to blow up in 5 billion years, so what are we talking about—the death of the planet. Looking at it that way, what difference does it make to talk of one generation to the next? I never gave much thought to the generation gap, you know.

K: Yeah, and what amazes me about your generation is your lack of concern for the people coming up behind you.

D: Because it wiped out, my whole generation . . . my whole generation was taught a lot of lessons.

K: And one of the lessons is not to worry about the generation behind you?

D: Well, no, yeah—well, of course I worry about the next generation. I think about it.

K: I have to worry about it—it's my generation.

D: Yeah, you're right, I do, too, I have children. I'm not saying I don't have any concern, but you have to deal with your own first. You can't go out and try to save the world. You just say what is available to you to say.

K: And that's where your effort is going now?

D: Well, it's no effort. I don't create art out of effort. I have a hard enough time just dealing with my life on a day-to-day basis. I can't think of all these cultural or cultural art or political . . . these things don't mean anything to me. It's like that song "Ramona": "Everything passes, everything changes, just do what you think you should do. Some day maybe, who knows, baby, I'll come crying to you." That's the way it is.

K: Publications are being told that if you want to interview Bob Dylan you're going to have to put him on the cover.

D: I wouldn't know about that.

K: Do you care at all?

D: No. I don't care. We have a purpose behind doing these interviews. We're not just going out and doing interviews for no reason. There is a purpose to these interviews. If magazines want an interview, now is the time. I think they might be interested to hear about *Renaldo and Clara*. You haven't even asked me too much about the movie. Only a little bit.

K: Well, Cott's interview went into that in tremendous detail. I frankly did not understand it completely.

D: Well, maybe if you saw it again you could get closer to it. Maybe it was just like a new experience for you. Maybe you hadn't had those experiences in life yet. That could be it too.

K: It's not possible that the movie is at all disjointed?

D: No. No possibility of that. No way.

K: Why do you say that?

D: Did you sit through the whole movie?

K: I sat through about three hours.

D: Do you smoke a lot of dope?

K: I have in my day.

D: That's the reason.

K: I'm sure there were people in the movie theater who had smoked a lot more dope than I had.

D: How old were you when you first started smoking dope?

K: Thirteen.

D: Well, O.K. There's your reason right there.

K: Because I'm a hopeless dope addict?

D: Your mind has been . . . You smoked dope before you knew how to smoke dope.

K: Well, I sat through the two Ivans, I'm a voracious reader. And I have no trouble with Faulkner . . . Do you feel at all uncomfortable with all these interviews? Paul has you booked with all these obnoxious people. Maybe you're bored.

D: I'm not bored. Maybe you're bored.

K: I'm not bored.

D: I'm not bored. Don't mistake my restlessness for boredom.

K: Are you always this restless?

D: Yeah. I'm a restless person. ●

A

The Public Dying of Hubert Humphrey

In the midst of it all, his colleague Dale Bumpers said, "This is just a little bit too much, isn't it, Hubert?" Whereupon Humphrey replied, "Hush, I like it"

by Peter Ross Range

As the service proceeded, the clergyman drew such pictures of the graces, the winning ways, and the rare promise of the lost lads that every soul there, thinking he recognized these pictures, felt a pang in remembering that he had persistently blinded himself to them always before and had as persistently seen only faults and flaws in the poor boys. The minister related many a touching incident in the lives of the departed, too, which illustrated their sweet, generous natures, and the people could easily see, now, how noble and beautiful those episodes were. . . .

. . . There was a rustle in the gallery, which nobody noticed; a moment later the church door creaked; the minister raised his streaming eyes above his handkerchief, and stood transfixed: First one and then another pair of eyes followed the minister's, and then almost with one impulse the congregation rose and stared while the three dead boys came marching up the aisle, Tom in the lead, Joe next, and Huck, a ruin of drooping rags, sneaking sheepishly in the rear! They had been hid in the unused gallery listening to their own funeral sermon!

—The Adventures of Tom Sawyer

Shortly before his death ten days ago, Hubert Humphrey told aides that he wanted his funeral kept simple. "I've had enough eulogies for two lifetimes," he said.

Indeed he had. When Humphrey finally was felled by pelvic cancer at his secluded ranch home in Waverly, Minnesota, the ceremonies that followed weren't merely anticlimatic; they were superfluous. Like Huck and Tom, he'd already attended his own funeral.

In 200 years, nothing quite like Hubert Horatio Humphrey had ever come bounding across the American political landscape. And certainly there never has been anything to equal his dying—a star-studded, media-saturated, year-long happening, complete not only with pre-mortem eulogies, but honors and memorials that would have done a President proud.

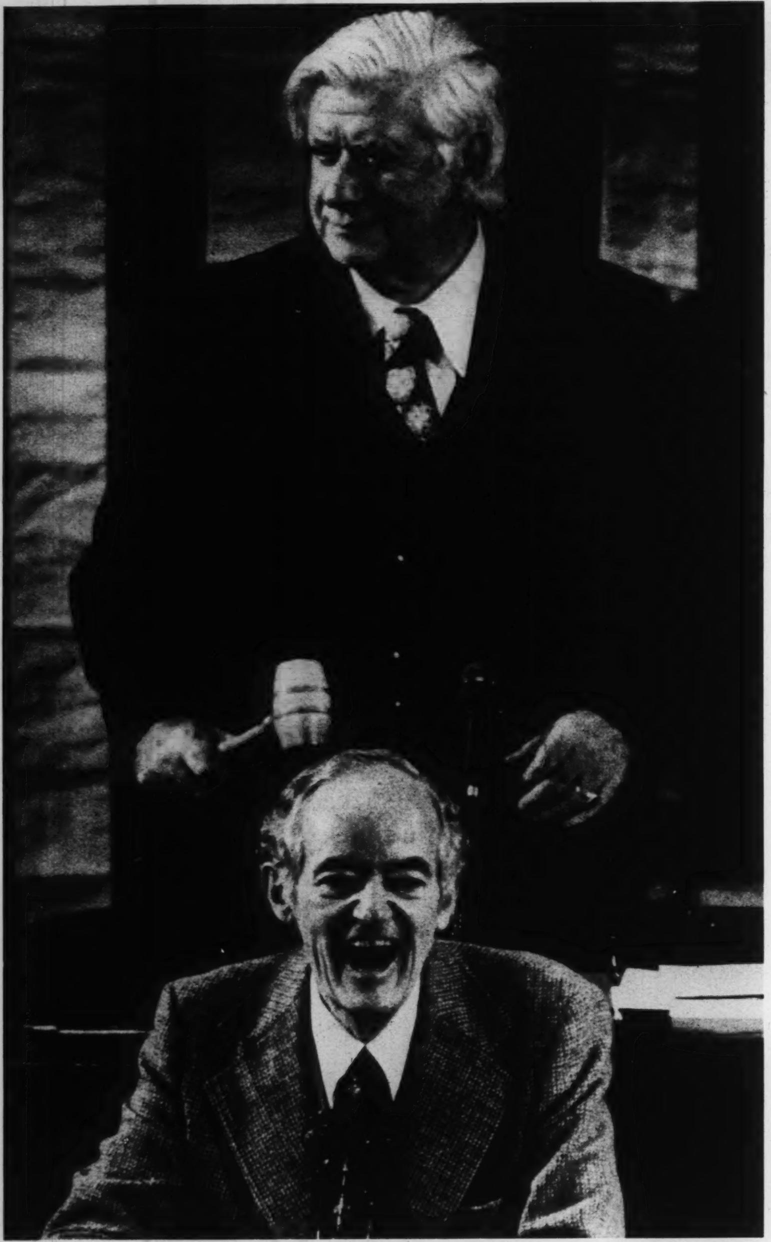
Humphrey's lingering on-stage exit was so complete and convincing, in fact, that some people tended to forget he was still alive. During a special session of the House of Representatives called in the senator's honor, Speaker Tip O'Neill slipped, then quickly recovered: "Now in your last term—as *you* say—in the Senate, my dear friend, Hubert. . . ." And although Humphrey pointedly had told one reporter, "Just don't be in a hurry on the obituary—don't print it too soon," *Newsweek* magazine nonetheless inadvertently sent his six-page obit to the printer several weeks before his death, managing to rescind it only at the last moment.

Normally, when the winds of a fatal disease begin sweeping the color and flesh from a man's body, he retreats into the privacy of his family, there to lick his wounds and confront his mortality. But Humphrey's gutsy struggle against the

---

Peter Ross Range, a Washington-based freelance writer, is at work on a book about Andrew Young.

TERRY ARTHUR / WOODFIN CAMP


WIDE WORLD

In the House: "Now where am I standing? I am standing where the President gives the State of the Union Address . . . Myyy goodness!"

demon that killed him was fought, and celebrated, on page one. "It wouldn't be right for everybody," said his friend and colleague, Senator Gaylord Nelson. True. When Senate powerhouse John McClellan died last December after a long illness (and 30 years on the Hill), most people hadn't even known he was sick. Similarly, three-term Senator Lee Metcalf, who died just one day before Humphrey, had been hospitalized for several weeks; his decline was so private that it had gone unreported even in his hometown of Helena, Montana.

Of the many taboos connected with the American way of death, public acknowledgment of malignant cancer has long been high on the list; the mere word is so off-putting that most obituary pages rarely mention it, even after the fact. But from the time last August that Humphrey permitted his doctors at the University of Minnesota Hospital to announce that his cancer was "inoperable . . . terminal," the irrepressible former vice president—with the enthusiastic cooperation of the press and the Washington establishment—let it all hang out. If he couldn't lick the Big C a la John Wayne, he could—and did—give it a hell of a fight in the center ring.

Humphrey's lingering exit was so convincing that some people forgot he was still alive

Doctors first discovered small nonmalignant growths on Humphrey's bladder almost a dozen years ago; in 1973, when one of these so-called "papillomas" showed evidence of malignancy, the senator underwent heat X-ray therapy. By 1976, however, the disease had spread, and that October doctors at New York's Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center were forced to remove the bladder. Upon his release from the hospital, Humphrey characteristically announced that he was "in unbelievably good shape," but photographs taken of him at the time belied that optimistic self-diagnosis; they revealed a ravaged, hollow-cheeked man who had aged a dozen years in as many weeks. They showed a man who had begun to die.

In 1977—as wire-service photos so persistently continued to remind us—Humphrey's condition steadily deteriorated; month by month, his body seemed to collapse in upon itself, and his dyed reddish-brown hair turned white and started falling out. Throughout the year, he received well-publicized radiation treatments as well as chemotherapy, a medical strategy Humphrey called "bottled death." When one doctor declared that, as a result of the chemotherapy, all the cancer had been removed "as far as we can tell," the handwriting was on the wall.

Last August 16, Humphrey entered the University of Minnesota Hospital with an intestinal blockage; it was after they had operated two days later that surgeons there pronounced their death sentence, revealing that the spreading pelvic tumor they had found could be neither removed nor stemmed by the ministrations of their art. "Inoperable." It was the beginning of the end.

But what an end! For it also was the beginning of a gaudy, heartfelt, only-in-America goodbye to the latter-day Happy Warrior. Hubert Humphrey, 66 going on 100, was not about to expire on the sidelines; rather, he stood dying in the bright strobelight of his golden months (no golden years now—no time for that), the cheers and tears swelling around him. In Washington, it was a listless season: the next election a year away, the Hill legislatively constipated, the White House neither inspiring nor insidious enough to provide the nation a Capital rush. There was, instead, the dying of HHH.

By October, the countdown was on. It started when Congress rammed through legislation renaming HEW's new headquarters for their not-yet-fallen colleague, the first time a federal building had ever been named for a living person. A week later, 3,000 politicians, academicians, athletes, show-biz folk and admirers from labor and business gathered for an "Evening in Honor of Hubert H. Humphrey," the first in a series of dinners to help raise $20 million to establish an HHH Institute of Public Affairs at his alma mater, the University of Minnesota.

The official dying gathered momentum on October 23 when Jimmy Carter, returning from Los Angeles, detoured Air Force One to give Humphrey a ceremonial lift from Minneapolis to Washington—an eleventh-hour realization of Humphrey's longtime dream to have the presidential wings loft him about the country. "I spent twenty years trying to get command of that plane," he said after the flight.

One of Humphrey's Minnesota doctors had told him, "Hubert, we've done about as much for you as we can for a while. Why don't you go back to Washington where you want to be?" And Humphrey had replied: "Doctor, that is good advice." So he returned "home" to the Senate to let his life pass before him in airbrushed glory.

The Senate sensed this was Humphrey's final return to the fold, so two days after Carter delivered him to Andrews Air Force Base, a special session was convened to welcome him back and to eulogize him. All but a few seats in the Senate chamber were filled on that graying autumn day when Humphrey walked in to a full five minutes of steady applause. ("I've been here through five Presidents," said one senator, "and I've never seen anything like that.")

They praised Humphrey's courage and vision and energetic good cheer; they told him he talked too much and swore that they loved him.

Even his old enemies were there: onetime segregationist Herman Talmadge, the original Georgia farmer-politican, wished him "Godspeed"; Howard Baker, the Republican minority leader, who would like to be our next southern President, welcomed him "back in harness"; Robert Dole, as partisan a Republican as Humphrey was a Democrat, said "the Senate just isn't the Senate without Hubert." In the face of the imminent demise of the last remnant of the New Deal liberalism that Humphrey personified, they all could kiss and make up.

From the rostrum, the Minnesotan admitted, "I am old enough and sufficiently wise to know that all you have said is not exactly according to facts, but I am sufficiently fragile and weak as to want to believe every single word."

> **He returned "home" to the Senate to let his life pass before him in airbrushed glory**

The media crush after the Senate ceremony turned into a bittersweet circus; reporters were grinning and fighting tears and shaking the senator's hand. Caught up emotionally, CBS's Roger Mudd had to start his news clip over three times before his voice calmed down. As he was leaving the Capitol, and the lights, cameras and correspondents crowded in, Humphrey grinned, and the feisty old political tenor cracked out: "Where were you guys in 1968 when I could have used you?"

A week later, the House of Representatives broke 189 years of tradition by inviting a member of the Senate to a special session in his honor—a huge, official love feast. Dapper in a gray jacket and blood-red vest, Humphrey sat with his wife, Muriel, in the front row of the House chamber and listened to declarations of love and admiration from both sides of the aisle. Tip O'Neill, the rumpled Speaker from Massachusetts, was wiping back tears when he introduced the senator.

Speaking not from the well of the House but from the raised dais just below the Speaker's desk, Humphrey delighted the audience with a vintage 21-minute ramble laced with self-deprecating jokes. Near the end, he asked: "Now where am I standing? I am standing where the President of the United States gives the State of the Union Address." He paused slightly, adjusted his coat proudly, broke into a wide grin, and gushed, "Myyyy goodness!"

When it was over, reporters who had heard Humphrey's voice grow stronger as he hit his stump stride and had seen him give the podium a light, ritualistic bang with his practiced fist, were shocked by the slow-motion agony he went through to raise a glass of water to his lips—an excruciating, trembling effort which finally afforded him only one small sip.

The following morning, the *Washington Post* paid its tribute on the front page: a historic, half-page photograph of Hubert Humphrey, his mouth agape in a great, hearty laugh, with Tip O'Neill gaveling for order behind him.

The House tribute rounded out the official leave-taking from the Big Three: the President, the Senate and the House. But the biggest, if not the best, was yet to come.

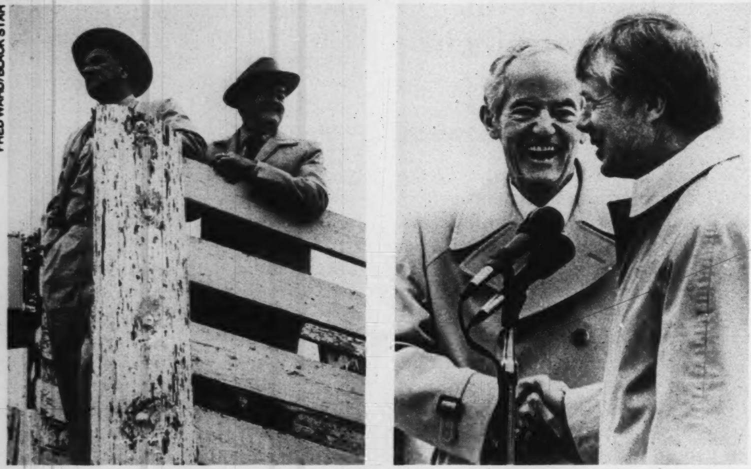
They were all there. Jimmy Carter missed the Cornish game hen and green beans, but arrived in time to say, "I'm proud to be President of a country that loves a man like Hubert Humphrey." Walter Mondale took the stage to declare that "each of you is telling Hubert in the inaudible language of the heart that you love him." Tip O'Neill lumbered through the jungle of round dinner tables loaded with carnations and mums to hug Humphrey on both sides, French-style. Alan King growled into the microphone that the senator's initials stood for "human, humble and honorable." Frank Sinatra sang one of Hubert's favorites, "The Lady Is a Tramp." Elizabeth Taylor, the new jewel of the Washington glitter set, kissed him on each of his sunken cheeks. The treasurer of the United States, a black woman named Azie Taylor Morton, got up and said, "Were it not for Hubert Humphrey, I might not be here tonight without an apron on."

For the 2,000 notables in black tie and decolletage who crowded into the Washington Hilton on a frigid night last December 2 (a date that governors of 40 states had set aside in his honor), it was Humphrey's last last hurrah. The $1,000-a-plate fund raiser for the HHH Institute of Public Affairs had the feel of Old Home Week: Kissinger was there; so was ex-CIA director William Colby, ex-senator John Tunney and ex-JFK friend Angie Dickinson.

But in the end it was Hubert Humphrey's night. Everyone there had seen pictures of his whitened hair and waxen face, of his shirt collars grown enormous. But few were prepared for the cautious shuffle with which he crossed the stage of the grand ballroom at 10:45 that night. Only a thin echo remained of his vibrant Midwestern voice as he confessed that his most recent round of chemotherapy "just about threw me for a loop. . . . Even as I talk to you, my knees are shaking." Ever the optimist, however, he added that "the doctor's reports are encouraging," which provoked a shout from somewhere in the darkened hall: "YOU'LL LIVE FOREVER, HUBERT," at which the throng erupted into a great roar of applause.

"There was a lot of guilt at that dinner," said the *Washington Star*'s Pulitzer Prize-winning Mary McGrory later. "Humphrey's guys were bitter, saying if there had been an outpouring like that in '68, he would have been President." Others believe that the applause that accompanied Humphrey's dying all year long was grounded in great part on guilt. "He had always been rather shabbily treated by Washington," says *New York Post* columnist Murray Kempton. "Like Nixon, he was continually snubbed. For years the Senate establishment ostracized him, Johnson continually abused him, and the young and the liberals turned on him in '68. As he was dying, he was on everybody's con-

HHH: 1911-1978



FRED WARD/BLACK STAR

UPI

The Presidents' Man: As Vice President, Humphrey's meticulous loyalty to LBJ cost him the White House. Carter once called him a "hack," but later acknowledged, "This desk should have been yours"

MARTY NORDSTROM / BLACK STAR

UPI

The Happy Warrior: From his earliest runs at the presidency to his last trip to Washington aboard Air Force One, courtesy of Jimmy Carter, HHH—an inveterate campaigner—loved to press the flesh

FRED ANDERSON / BLACK STAR

HENNING CRISTOPH / BLACK STAR

The Last Years: Aboard the Freedom Train in August 1975, Humphrey still retained the vigor of a man in his prime. Less than a year later, the cancer that would kill him had begun to take its toll

As he was dying, Humphrey was on everybody's conscience. He hadn't gotten his due

science. He hadn't gotten his due."

To some, there was a Christmas-in-July quality about the way Washington belatedly tried to give Humphrey that due. In his final weeks, there was a sense that the Capital—which had helped deny him the office for two decades—was now letting him play President, much the way high-school civics students are given a chance to be mayor-for-a-day.

One day at the White House, Carter positioned Humphrey at the presidential desk in the Oval Office and ordered their picture taken together. Later, he sent it to his former political foe with the inscription: "To H.H.H.—This is a desk that should have been yours." Publicly, Carter called Humphrey "the greatest American I know." Some saw these as gracious gestures from the President towards his most valued ally in the Senate, but others could not forget that 18 months earlier, when the two were fighting for the right to sit at that same desk, Carter had called Humphrey "a loser," "a hack," and "a has-been." ("Harsh words," recalled the President himself at a memorial service, "spoken under pressure and in haste.")

In mid-December, Carter capped his own hail-and-farewell to the fast-failing senator by helicoptering him for a weekend visit to Camp David in the Maryland mountains, there to talk about "politics . . . pain . . . and the world" before a blazing fire. was," said Carter at Humphrey's funeral, "the greatest favor I ever did myself." (Lyndon Johnson, inordinately jealous of all the perks of his high office, had never once invited his meticulously loyal vice president to the presidential retreat.)

As year's end approached, several Washington pundits delivered themselves of farewell columns trumpeting Humphrey's grace and courage. And a week before Christmas, born-again pornographer Larry Flynt took out full-page ads in the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times* calling in 60-point type for a prayer vigil for the senator. ("YOU TAUGHT US NOT TO HIDE OUR FEELINGS.") But it was growing late for prayers. When Humphrey—frailer than ever now—left Washington for Minnesota on December 22 aboard Fritz Mondale's Air Force Two, it was apparent that never again would he return alive to the city where 30 years earlier he had begun his memorable career of national public service. He was going home to die, privately at last.

Well, almost privately. A week before his death, he granted a final bedside interview to columnist Irv Kupcinet of the *Chicago Sun-Times.* ("This is a column a reporter wishes he didn't have to write," wrote Kup, who certainly didn't have to. "It concerns a visit to a friend of 30 years whose days are numbered, down to a precious few.") Kupcinet was accompanied by the Reverend Jesse Jackson, who, before it was too late, wanted personally to thank Humphrey for his help in obtaining HEW funds for a Jackson program. The two visitors quickly discovered that if Humphrey's body was failing—"He was all but gone," said Kup later—his spirit was not. "Now you've got to get the labor people behind you," he urged Jackson in a feeble voice, his face wincing with pain. A few days later, he was on the phone assuring his '68 running mate, Ed Muskie, that he was feeling better and talked of returning soon to Washington. With his family and aides, he spoke of things he still had to do—strengthening his full-employment bill, revising the foreign aid program, helping the Arab-Israeli peace talks.

On Friday, the 13th of January—48 hours after his staff had advised the local Minnesota press to "get ready"—the 66-year-old senator died at home in a sleeplike coma, his wife and children at his side. As official Washington prepared to say goodbye yet again (Air Force One was dispatched to bear his body back to the Capital, and even that seemed redundant), many of those who had observed him over the years found themselves reflecting not only upon his overflowing life but upon its remarkable ending.

"How could he let himself be put on display like that during the last three months?" someone asked *Washington Post* executive editor Ben Bradlee the day after Humphrey died.

"How could he stop it?" said Bradlee, who had known Humphrey for 29 years.

"By staying in Minnesota and acting like a dying man."

"Yes," said Bradlee with a laugh, "but that's like asking Hubert to give a five-minute speech—he just couldn't do it."

If some people found Humphrey's lingering swan song unseemly, even ghoulish—and some people did—Bradlee was not one of them. "I wasn't offended by it at all," he says. "He was special. He could write his own rules." Nor does Bradlee believe the media overplayed Humphrey's exit. "He wasn't a normal politician. You shift into higher gear for national heroes."

"Personally," says one of Humphrey's best-known Senate colleagues, himself a hero to some, "if I were dying of cancer, I would want to see my close friends, but, unlike Hubert, not in clumps of two or three thousand. Still, each to his own. The only reason a lot of people around here were complaining about all the publicity was because they were jealous; for most of us, no one would pay that much attention."

"Asking Hubert to act like a dying man was like asking him to give a five-minute speech"

Many believe that Humphrey's up-front departure was a predictable reflection of his career and personality. "He could never be secretive, never keep his thoughts to himself," says Irv Kupcinet. "His dying was bound to be a public one—Hubert went public with everything."

Murray Kempton agrees. "He had no function off stage," says Kempton. "His entire life was as a campaigner, and a campaigner has no privacy. In that rough and tumble world, public torments are the rule."

In the end, most of those who knew him found the phenomenon of Hubert Humphrey's final days a fitting one. "At first I thought it was in poor taste," admits Mary McGrory, "but then it was so obvious that it was what he wanted. It meant a great deal to him, seeing the tears and hearing the applause, knowing that he was loved."

In his last months, Humphrey acknowledged as much. "The greatest gift in life," he tearfully told the Senate, "is the gift of friendship, and I have received it." During the effusive Senate session in his honor, Arkansas Senator Dale Bumpers, who was sitting beside him, leaned over and whispered, "This is just a little bit too much, isn't it, Hubert?" Replied Humphrey, "Hush, I like it."

"What I want more in life than anything else now is respect, which I think I'm beginning to earn," he said to one reporter. "When I come back from the Senate chamber to my office," he told another, "I'm a walking historical object." And one day near the end, he leaned into the crib of his infant granddaughter and declared, "I'm your grandfather and I'm worth remembering."

"Life," Humphrey liked to say, "was not meant to be endured, but enjoyed." As best he could, he tried to apply that to his own dying as well. "It was a glorious death," says his old friend James Reston. "He fought and lost and kept fighting. What could be more glorious than that?" Added Humphrey's protégé, Walter Mondale, at the Capitol memorial service, "He taught us all how to hope and how to love, how to live and, finally, how to die."

Three weeks before his death, after first checking with several friends as to its propriety, Humphrey taped a final farewell to the American people, leaving it up to Muriel whether to play it at his funeral, elsewhere, or never. "You know," he told Irv Kupcinet with a grin on his deathbed, "old Hubert always has the last word." ●

WIDE WORLD

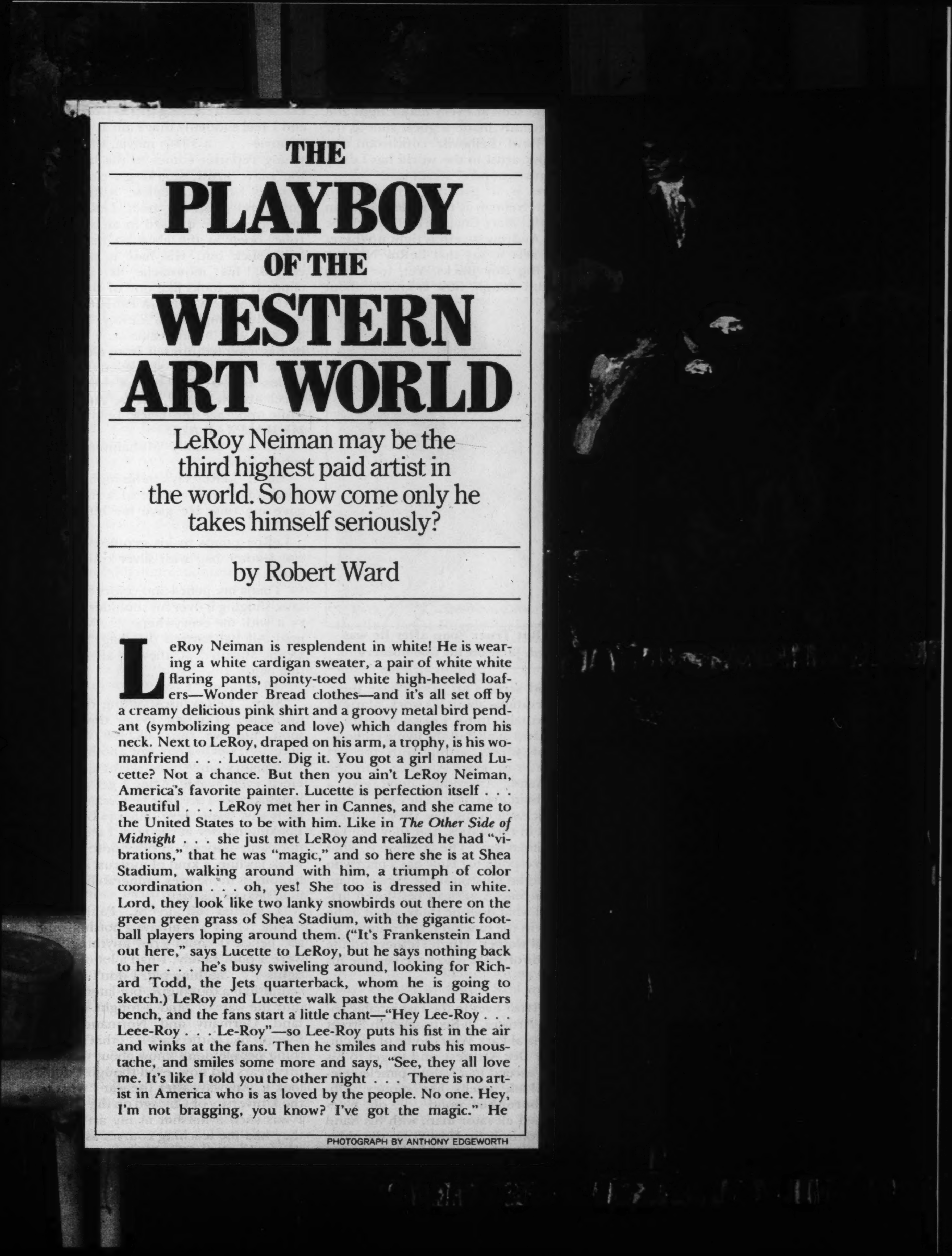
Carter and Humphrey near the end: "A conscience to us all," said the President, "he gave us a vision of what we are at our best"

THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN ART WORLD

LeRoy Neiman may be the third highest paid artist in the world. So how come only he takes himself seriously?

by Robert Ward

LeRoy Neiman is resplendent in white! He is wearing a white cardigan sweater, a pair of white white flaring pants, pointy-toed white high-heeled loafers—Wonder Bread clothes—and it's all set off by a creamy delicious pink shirt and a groovy metal bird pendant (symbolizing peace and love) which dangles from his neck. Next to LeRoy, draped on his arm, a trophy, is his womanfriend . . . Lucette. Dig it. You got a girl named Lucette? Not a chance. But then you ain't LeRoy Neiman, America's favorite painter. Lucette is perfection itself . . . Beautiful . . . LeRoy met her in Cannes, and she came to the United States to be with him. Like in *The Other Side of Midnight* . . . she just met LeRoy and realized he had "vibrations," that he was "magic," and so here she is at Shea Stadium, walking around with him, a triumph of color coordination . . . oh, yes! She too is dressed in white. Lord, they look like two lanky snowbirds out there on the green green grass of Shea Stadium, with the gigantic football players loping around them. ("It's Frankenstein Land out here," says Lucette to LeRoy, but he says nothing back to her . . . he's busy swiveling around, looking for Richard Todd, the Jets quarterback, whom he is going to sketch.) LeRoy and Lucette walk past the Oakland Raiders bench, and the fans start a little chant—"Hey Lee-Roy . . . Leee-Roy . . . Le-Roy"—so Lee-Roy puts his fist in the air and winks at the fans. Then he smiles and rubs his moustache, and smiles some more and says, "See, they all love me. It's like I told you the other night . . . There is no artist in America who is as loved by the people. No one. Hey, I'm not bragging, you know? I've got the magic." He



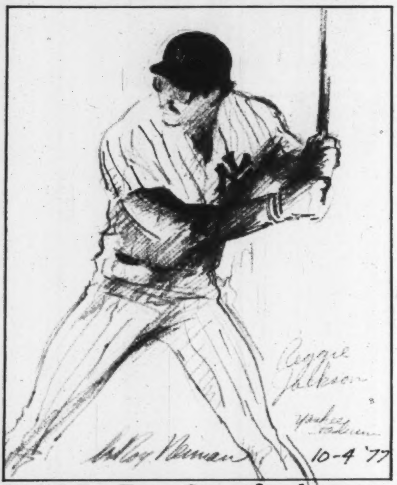
PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY EDGEWORTH

wiggles his fingers like a hula dancer's *tuchus*. "There," he says. "I'm a wizard!" He waves to his fans again, carefully keeping his sprayed hair in perfect elegance. Lucette smiles too. "Lee-Roy ees wonderful," she says.

Well, God knows it's true. People *love* LeRoy Neiman. They buy his paintings, his prints, his silk-screens, his etchings by the busload. The man can't turn out enough. Last year he made over $4 million, and last year was only the beginning. Since his appearance on television during the 1976 Montreal Olympics, painting his famous Wall of Fame mural (for my money, one of the great moments in TV history), LeRoy has become, arguably, America's best-known artist. I don't mean in the Art World, which doesn't exist outside of New York, anyway, but in Kansas. Call up someone in Kansas and ask him what painters he knows, he's going to say LeRoy Neiman. After all, they eat at Burger King out there, and last summer the deal was you bought a double burger and you got a LeRoy Neiman, because Burger King recognized the mass appeal of LeRoy's genius. But LeRoy sells in the Big Apple too. According to his dealer, Maury Leibovitz, president of Knoedler Publishing Inc., LeRoy's serigraphs are tremendously hot:

"He's done 145 limited editions of 350 serigraphs each. If you multiply the 145 times the 350, you come up with 51,000 serigraphs. That's 51,000 serigraphs in American homes—although it may not be actually 51,000 *different* homes, because some people have two or three Neimans. Anyway, the average serigraph goes for fifteen-hundred dollars, although some have exceeded four thousand. It's simple arithmetic. If you multiply fifteen-hundred dollars times 51,000, you come up with a market value in excess of seventy-five million dollars. Then you've got to consider LeRoy's oils, which sell from twenty to fifty thousand dollars, and he's done several hundred of those. He's not as prolific as he once was, but he still does 15 to 20 paintings a year." Leibovitz admits that some of LeRoy's earlier paintings don't go for quite as much—"Most of his early fifties and sixties paintings only sell for eight to fifteen thousand"—but Leibovitz attributes this to the fact that Neiman's style has changed. Then there are Neiman's drawings, which he dashes off at an astonishing rate, and for which he gets one or two thousand dollars, though "some have gone as high as five thousand." And Leibovitz and Neiman both think that the market can only get bigger, for LeRoy is going to do more TV (a top-secret project with one of the networks which he just can't divulge), plus he is a constant talk-show guest. He's also seen at every major fight and most recently made a guest shot at the Super Bowl. Leibovitz' conclusion that "no other artist in the world has LeRoy Neiman's exposure" seems just.

There is a general debate about whether Neiman is the richest artist in the world: Marc Chagall, at 91, might be richer; Andrew Wyeth is right up there; but it's safe to say that LeRoy Neiman makes Big Boy Bucks. Yet, for all his fame and dough, little is known about him, and serious art critics have their, er, reservations about his work. Many of them actually think LeRoy Neiman is not an artist at all, but the living embodiment of what's wrong with the art world . . . or even America. On the other hand, Americans don't give a damn about art critics. They liked Norman Rockwell in his day, they liked Peter Max in the sixties, and they like LeRoy Neiman now. The question is, what do they respond to? How has a man who started as an illustrator for *Playboy* magazine become America's best-loved artist? And what does he think about as he prances in the limelight, surrounded by beautiful women, Hugh Hefner and the hundreds of jocks who have become his models?



Weird But True: Soon after he was sketched, Jackson hit five homers

The Artist lives in the fashionable co-op, Des Artistes, at Sixty-seventh Street and Central Park West (home of the chichi Cafe Des Artistes), and to get to his studio I ascend in a walnut-paneled elevator which smells like money. Oh, deeply burnished wood . . . oh, blue-uniformed elevator man, with his hand on the controls (in New York, the older an elevator, the more status accorded the occupants of a building). I alight on the third floor and am immediately besieged by riots of reds, blues, blacks and greens, the primary colors, as it were—LeRoy Neiman posters, which show Olympic runners, football players, Frank Sinatra starring in *The Detective*—and I feel suddenly that I am actually *in* a movie . . . a 1940s movie, where the young reporter comes to the home of the suave artist, smirkingly played by George Sanders, replete with silken gown and polka-dot ascot. LeRoy Neiman greets me dressed in an all white robe, open at the chest so his manly hairs stick out. His hair is perfectly coiffed, his moustache is gallantly clipped: he looks like one of those old RAF flying aces in *Dawn Patrol*. Indeed, the initial impression LeRoy Neiman gives is, well, multifarious . . . it's as if he has invented himself from old movie ideas. He warmly shakes my hand, smiles, and says, "Come on over to the couch and we'll talk." On the back of his white robe are the black, bold words: **MUHAMMAD ALI.**

"Is that actually Muhammad Ali's robe?" I ask.

"Sure," LeRoy says, in his high, rather nasal voice with a trace of a lisp. "He gave me this. He gave me his gloves too."

LeRoy points to his genuine Moroccan leather bag with silver coins sewn into it.

"That's my pencil and colors bag," he says, slinging it over his shoulder. "I carry it with me everywhere . . . Muhammad Ali has carried that bag. Sinatra, Dean Martin . . . they've all carried that bag."

"All of them?" I say.

"Sure," LeRoy lisps, sitting down in his chair. "I've got to go downtown soon, but we can talk for a while here . . . Get to know one another."

Neiman's smile now seems genuine. He is even likable. After I get past his braggadocio, I see that he is scared, that he is shy, wants very much to be liked. Looking harder at the face, I see things not easily noticed on television: a thin, weak jawline, a kind of mistrust and unhappiness in the eyes, vulnerability. Neiman talks of his past:

"I started off in St. Paul, Minnesota . . . I was always a hotshot with the pencil. I could draw anything. We were a poor family, I had a lot of street fights . . . nothing big, I don't want to sound like a tough guy, but later I went into the war . . . and I fought in England, Germany and Normandy . . . I've got five battle stars . . . that's something people don't know about me. I'm fifty years old now, even though I don't look it. Anyway, after the war I went to the University of Chicago on the GI Bill. I was such a hotshot in my art classes they had me teaching courses as an undergraduate. Of course, I was influenced by the abstract expressionist movement; you can see that in my work today. It was a tremendously exciting

---

Robert Ward's latest novel is Cattle Annie and Little Britches*, published by Morrow. He last wrote for* New Times *on Nguyen Cao Ky.*

time. The abstract expressionists were doing things that no one else had ever thought about with paint . . . There was something a little strange about it, though."

"What's that?" I say.

"Well, it was primarily a Jewish movement . . . ninety percent of the theoreticians were Jewish . . . At the University of Chicago, for example, I didn't have one Gentile teacher . . . a lot of people think I'm Jewish, but I'm not."

I wait for Neiman to expand on his Jewish theory, but he suddenly shifts gears.

"Anyway, the abstract expressionists believed in performance . . . they believed in getting to a deep, subjective response. It was a really new and valid way of looking at painting. Before the army, my favorite school had always been impressionism, but when this came along, it was so powerful. There was a man named Max Beckman in St. Louis and there was Clement Greenberg . . . and these people had a tremendous continuity of thought. All the people I went to school with became abstract expressionists and most of them still are."

This last is delivered in a kind of smug tone.

"Well, you can certainly see the influence of both impressionism and abstract expressionism in your work," I say, pointing at a mural depicting Olympic runners racing around the track. "But your work is still representational, too."

"That's right," says Neiman. "I've got a little of everything in my work, but it adds up to something unique. No one else can paint the way I do."

Suddenly, his mood changes. He's on the defensive:

"But they don't treat me seriously," he says. "Look at how they write about me."

He gets up, goes to his big table and pulls out a huge pile of press clippings. Most of them are newspaper personality profiles. He shows me one from the *San Francisco Chronicle* and sighs with distaste.

"First, they have this lousy artist draw this dopey picture, then they spend the entire time talking about how much money I make. Then, they say I'm the world's ultimate pleasure seeker. They treat me like I'm some kind of Keane painter—you know, the guy who paints the little kids with the big watery eyes? Well, I'm no hack like Keane. I'm a real artist.

"Look at this," he says furiously, handing me a strange announcement for a unique show.

I look. It's an announcement from a Palm Beach gallery. On the front is a picture of E. Howard Hunt, convicted Watergate conspirator: Hunt having a one-man show in West Palm Beach. LeRoy Neiman is positively puffing with rage.

"You see that?" he says. "Now look."

He opens the gallery's brochure and inside is an announcement for LeRoy Neiman's show.

"Putting me on a brochure with that . . . *criminal!*" he says. "Can you believe the things they do to me?"

LeRoy Neiman and I are hustling downtown in a cab. He is in a better mood now; indeed, when he is on the move, heading from one place to another, he is at his best.

"I know you are tremendously successful," I begin, "but this summer I was reading a history of contemporary art and . . . well, frankly, your name wasn't even mentioned."

Dueling Egos: Reggie Jackson challenges Neiman. The result? A draw

"I know," says LeRoy. "You want to know why?"

"Yeah."

"Well, you may not know too much about the art world. You've got to have a kind of lobbyist group. You remember what I was telling you before about the Jews? Well, the Jewish critics support their own . . . you know . . . they don't like me. Of course, it's not completely because I'm not Jewish. A lot of it has to do with my deals with television, with my *Playboy* image. I started out with Hefner in 1954, when I was still at the University of Chicago, and Hef was just getting *Playboy* started . . . I did my first illustrations for *Playboy*: a Charles Beaumont story, a Jack Kerouac and a Budd Schulberg . . . Lenny Bruce was always around, and Mort Sahl and Buddy Hackett . . . We had fifteen great years there . . . Later I moved into sports. It wasn't a calculated move . . . I just moved to sports because I liked sports and always covered them. I used to go to ringside at the Garden, and the cameras used to catch snatches of me, and maybe there would be a little comment. Then I went along on the second Liston–Ali fight. I was at Ali's training camp in Lewiston, Maine, and there was nothing to do, so the sportswriters started writing pieces about me, and the whole thing began to snowball. Well, you see, all this makes the critics hate me, because in the art world you are supposed to make all your money within the prescribed limits the critics set up . . . and I didn't. And they resented it. The same thing when I went on television. They hated me for it . . ."

"I see," I say. "So it's merely a matter of snobbishness . . ."

"Of course it is," LeRoy says. "I mean, you can see from my work. I can paint as well as anybody in the world."

"Well, if it's just a matter of going outside the traditional modes, how do you account for the fact that a guy like Andy Warhol has gone outside the established pathways and yet is the darling of the critics?"

"That's easy," LeRoy says. "He has the homosexual mafia behind him. You see, they are another big taste-making clique, but if you quote me on this please don't make it sound as if I'm anti-gay, because I'm not . . . but ask around . . any honest person will tell you that there are a large number of gay critics and painters who support one another. I don't fit into any of these molds."

"You go your own way."

LeRoy nods seriously. "I have always gone my own way. That's what people respond to. Wait till you hang out with me . . . forget the critics . . . look at how people respond to me. I can't pay for a suit of clothes. I can't pay for a drink in any restaurant. People want to buy for me . . . I don't want to sound like a braggart, but there's never been anything like me."

I am on the phone with David Bourdon, art critic for the *Village Voice*. I ask him about LeRoy Neiman's painting.

"Oh come on," he says. "This is a witty idea . . . but what can I say? He's a schlocky artist. He produces a stylistic mishmash, a kind of warmed-over im-

The new Fiat 2 year, 24,000 mile Warranty.

Longer than Toyota, Datsun, Volkswagen, Honda, Chevette, Fiesta.

Fiat now offers a longer power train warranty than any of these imported or domestic cars.

We give you the same basic warranty as everybody else for the first 12 months.

But now we've added a warranty to cover the engine, transmission, and drive train for the *next* 12 months or 12,000 miles.

So basically, you're covered for just about anything that could go wrong the first year, and you're covered for transmission, drive train and most engine parts the second year.

How can we do this?

Well, it wasn't as simple as just changing some numbers on some paper.

We've spent millions of dollars and engineering hours over the last few years making Fiats more reliable and dependable. What we've come out with is a Fiat that's not only a pleasure to drive; it's so dependable and so reliable, it's also a pleasure to own. Your Fiat dealer can put you in one for a test drive. And he can also show you the details of our new warranty and how it differs from those of other cars.

HERE'S HOW YOU ARE PROTECTED.

Fiat Motors of North America, Inc. will warrant to the retail purchaser each part of each new 1978 Fiat except tires and batteries to be free, under normal use and service, from defect in material and workmanship for 12,000 miles or 12 months from the date of delivery, whichever event shall first occur. The transmission, drive train and most engine parts will be warranted for a total of 24,000 miles or 24 months from the date of delivery, whichever event occurs first. Any part found to be defective will be replaced or repaired at the option of Fiat. See your Fiat dealer for exact terms of the Fiat Motors of North America, Inc. Warranty.

FIAT

First we improved the car.
Then we improved the warranty.

Fiat 131 4-Door Sedan.

Fiat 128 2-Door Sedan.

Fiat X1/9.

Fiat 124 Spider.

pressionism. People with untrained eyes find it pleasing . . . His art is a pleasant nothing."

"Who would you compare Mr. Neiman to?" I ask. "Peter Max?"

"Sure," says Bourdon. "They're both merely decorative. Except Peter Max is a better painter."

I try art critic Lawrence Alloway, a Britisher. When I tell him about the piece, he begins to laugh.

"LeRoy Neiman! Let me just say there is a confusion between artists and commercial artists. Neiman is a commercial artist who has made inroads into the serious art world."

"Well," I venture. "What of his technique?"

"Really!" says Alloway, sounding like a duke.

"Hmmm. Thanks."

Well, let's see . . . How about a more traditional critic? I call the *New York Times* and ask for Hilton Kramer. A rather cool, detached voice comes across the phone. I tell him my mission and ask for a few thoughts on LeRoy Neiman's work.

"That might be difficult," says Kramer. "I never think of him."

LeRoy and I are at Toots Shor's to do a pregame hockey tape. We sit at the table with a PR man and an interviewer named Chip Cipolla. Chip is asking questions before a Rangers game. The questions are routine: why does Montreal want to get rid of its star? "They can't pay his salary," says LeRoy condescendingly. LeRoy has a million answers. He's done his homework. I think of what a friend told me about Warhol: "Warhol was the first artist to realize the process of fame itself was an art form. He made it acceptable to be a celebrity." The difference is, of course, that Warhol has it both ways. He is regarded as excellent by nearly all the critics and he is a real wit. Neiman is a poor man's Warhol, incapable of wit or irony. After two days, I've grown to feel protective of him. He is at once intelligent and witless: "I usually bring a good-looking chick with me. It's all part of the act. I don't *really* dig the [sports] scene, but if you're with the guys, you have to answer questions about sports. So if you have a chick with you, you can just draw. You don't have to talk."

He delivers this bit of chauvinism with an earnestness beyond ridicule.

Meanwhile, the PR man for Toots Shor's grabs my copy of Neiman's book, *LeRoy Neiman Art & Life Style*, and smiles at me.

"There is this one picture in here of Joe [Namath] . . . here it is . . ."

He points to a picture of "Joe" going down the runway at Shea Stadium during the '68 season. The guy shakes his head, looking deeply moved.

"That's how it really is," he says. "I've been on that runway a million times and that's how it is."

I stare at a lot of blotchy grey strokes and a recognizable Namath head, but the PR guy is deeply moved. He beams at Neiman, and LeRoy seems happy.

LeRoy fields a few more questions and then accepts a big steak and home fries on the house. He has a sip of white wine, then goes to work.

"He just captures it," the PR guy says, shaking his head. "LeRoy is a genius."

A few days later Barbara Zabel, an art historian at Connecticut College, visits me. Barbara is no snob. Her tastes in music run to Willie Nelson. Her taste in movies runs from *The French Connection* to Louis Malle. She digs Marvel Comics. I pick up LeRoy's book, point to a portrait of Satchmo, and raise my eyebrows.

"Come on," she says. "Over here on the right we have some puddling effect. Probably something he got from Hans Hofmann—it's a genuine technique, and Neiman knows how to use it, but to what effect? In Hofmann it had to do with the seasons, the way he saw nature, abstracted what he saw, then found a form for it. Content and form were wedded to make a personal, original statement. Here it's just done for the hell of it, because right over here we have a purely representational effect—Louis Armstrong's head, easily recognizable. And to make matters worse, the representational detail is sloppy. Looks like it was done in a hurry. The only part done carefully is these giant teeth, and the reason he does that is that the public already *knows* about Armstrong's giant teeth. He gives them the one detail every hack artist has emphasized again and again—Armstrong's smile. So what sells is just prepackaged personality. Neiman takes a high-art form, like abstract expressionism, and tosses a little of it around in a hack painting like this, so that it looks 'modern,' but people aren't challenged at all. They can easily recognize what's there. The kindest thing you could say about it is that it's OK as a magazine illustration, but it's absurd."

"Name a painter who is better than me," LeRoy says. "Jackson Pollock," I answer. "Nah," Neiman says. "He couldn't draw. I can draw"

The next night LeRoy, Lucette and I go to the Cookery, a jazz joint in the Village, to hear a wonderful piano player, Jimmy Rowles, and a terrific 82-year-old black jazz-singer named Alberta Hunter. Our table is right next to Rowles' piano, and the owner comes over with drinks, once more on the house. LeRoy is in a good mood.

"Look at this," he says, as Rowles begins a set.

Quickly, with real flair, Neiman draws a sketch of Rowles that is, to my untrained eye, remarkably good. It catches every bit of strain and joy in Rowles' sophisticated but funky face. I think of what the critics have said and wonder if it matters that LeRoy Neiman isn't Picasso. He does have a real flair for performing, and during the next hour he captures both Rowles and the wonderful Hunter, to both their delights. In fact, the simple pen drawings seem to be his real *metier* . . . . Unlike the hodgepodge of styles in his paintings, Neiman's drawings show an economy of line, and for once he really does seem to be a wizard . . . . Hunter is quite obviously thrilled by his gift of a drawing. But Neiman keeps turning and saying, "Nobody can do things like this."

I try to bring the talk around to his "exposure."

"Look," I say, "These drawings are good, but don't you worry that *too much* celebrity can ruin your talent?"

Neiman scoffs at the suggestion. "No, my *performance* is part of my success. You should have seen the animals I painted at the San Diego Zoo on the *Dinah!* show. People loved them. Come around and I'll show them to you."

It's almost as if he hasn't heard me. But Lucette has.

"It ees true," she says. "LeRoy has a very beeg talent, but he ees self-destructive. The celebrity thing could be very harmful to heem, if he is not careful. Since he got on TV he thinks he has a self-image to protect."

But Neiman isn't having any. He begins a bullish argument:

"I can draw," he says. "There's no one in the world like me . . . You talk about great painters . . . Name a painter who is better than me."

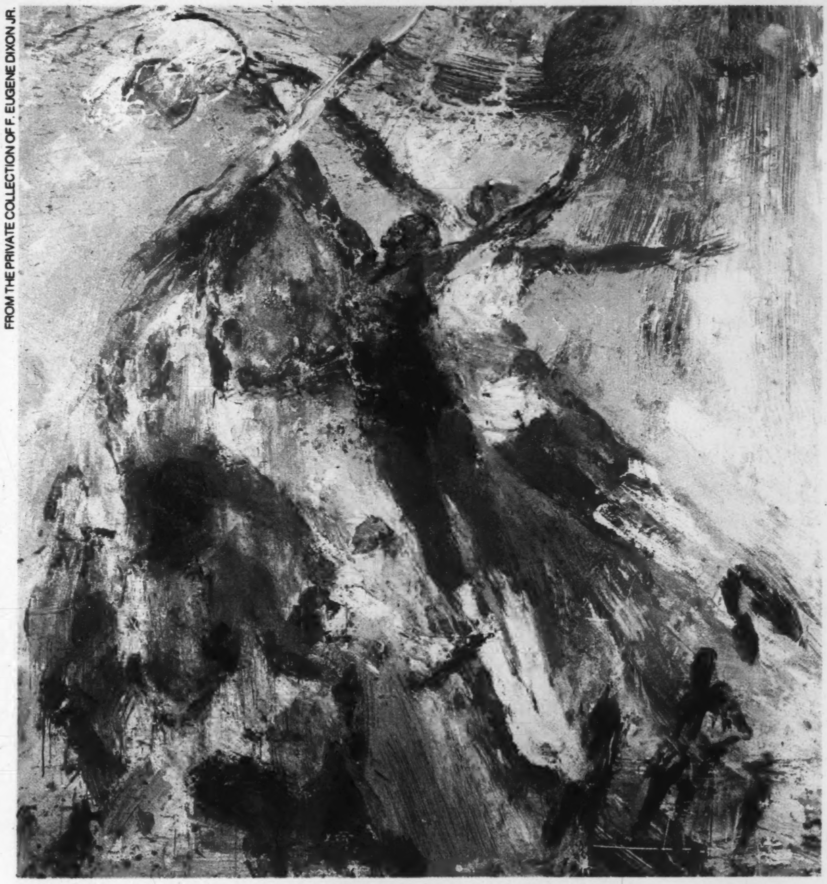
I mention Jackson Pollock.

"Nah," says Neiman. "He couldn't draw. I'm telling you."

He holds up his portrait of Rowles. "Look at this," he says. "You ever see anything like that?"

Lucette holds his hand. Neiman's eyes are blazing in a mixture of arrogance, pride and petulance. Behind us, Hunter begins a song, and Neiman settles back, but he can't drop it:

"It's bull that you should have to suffer, that being a celebrity can get in your way. Look at Pete Hamill. He was married to Jose Torres' sister, a Puerto Rican, and he had a bunch of kids. He was a good writer then. Now he's divorced her and he might marry Jackie Onassis, but his writing never suffered."



FROM THE PRIVATE COLLECTION OF F. EUGENE DIXON JR.

I start to say that no one ever accused Pete Hamill of being an artist, but the argument gets lost. LeRoy wants to go uptown to another jazz club to paint drummer Max Roach, and so we are off. A while later we are in Storyville, a crowded cellar-joint in the Fifties, and LeRoy glides by the paying customers and gets good seats up front. Then he is given a special chair, right next to Max' band, which is wailing away, and he has out his pens and pad and is doing his thing, just sketching away like crazy, and people are saying, "That's LeRoy Neiman . . . the artist." The artist has become his own art form, and then LeRoy motions to me and whoosh, like magic, a chair appears and I am up there, and people are looking at me, and some good-looking blonde hangs her Veronica Lake haircut over my shoulder and says, "Are you famous?" and I say, "Hell, yes . . . I'm Hunter Thompson," and she laughs and LeRoy laughs, and she hands me a drink. Goddamn, it *is* intoxicating. I don't give a shit if I ever write again, just let me be on that stage with that blonde hanging over me . . . .

The next morning I am nursing a terrible hangover when LeRoy calls. He sounds panicky.

"Bobby," he says, "Bobby . . . I just don't think we are really getting at the core of me."

"The what?" His voice is like the E train in my ear.

"What I'm really about. You know?"

"The real you?" I say.

"Right," LeRoy says. "We're just not getting at it."

"Let's get at it," I say. "How about lunch? Then we'll get to the real you."

"Great," says LeRoy. "See you then, Bobby."

I hang up and go back to bed.

When I arrive at LeRoy's studio he has gotten out a few certificates for my edification. One is an Official Proclamation from the Mayor's Office of the City of San Francisco.

"Read this," says LeRoy, thrusting it forward.

I read it:

Office of the Mayor
Proclamation
City of San Francisco

Whereas LeRoy Neiman is an internationally renowned artist who has captured the drama and rhythm of world-wide athletics with his vivid style of painting and been appreciative of the electric excitement of sporting events;

Now Therefore Be It Resolved that I, George R. Moscone, do hereby salute the artistic achievements of LeRoy Neiman, and call upon all San Franciscans to experience and enjoy the exciting, dynamic artwork which he has created over the years . . .

"That's a hell of a scroll," I say.

LeRoy shrugs. "I'm a Kentucky Colonel, too," he says.

"Wow," I say.

Later we go downstairs to the Cafe Des Artistes to get to the real LeRoy.

"You see, I spent 15 years at *Playboy* . . . traveling . . . going to first-class hotels. Victor Hammer of Hammer Galleries kept saying I shouldn't do sports. He didn't like my sports image, or my leisure image. But I did it anyway. You see, it's like I said the other day. The 'official' gang decides what 'elegant' is. But I never wanted to hang out with them. I'm part of a new American phenomenon. The American art market, which only got big and powerful after the war. I'm not a real rebel, but I am alone. There is only one other American artist who is associated with an American magazine, and that's Rockwell."

"Yeah," I say, "but Rockwell never considered himself an artist. He always referred to himself as an illustrator."

"So what?" says LeRoy. "*I* consider him an artist, but he came out of a different America—the small-town America. I came out of America as a world power. The fun and games America, where sports and recreation are an industry. I paint the bright, glossy exterior of things and I myself identify with the world I paint. It wasn't like I lived in a hut and just went and visited Vegas. I was into it. People are charmed when they think the artist who painted the whorehouse really got laid in it. I mean, what I do is valid. Listen, there were these sociologists when I was at the University of Chicago, and they were investigating the world of play. I went to them and became intrigued. It's a legitimate field to study or paint. I always remember Dr. Johnson's quote: 'You can tell a man's problems by the pleasures he seeks.' I care about what people buy. I always understood that we are judged by our labels. So sport is part of that too. I paint sport as spectacle . . . Listen, sports is a maiming thing. When I started painting sport there were three heroes in New York—Mickey Mantle, who could barely walk; Willis Reed, he'd go down on the floor, they'd have to drag him off, but he'd come out and win the game in the last second; and Joe Namath, the biggest of them all. And I paint them at their best . . ."

LeRoy stops for breath, and I try to digest what he is saying. He seems to see himself as, simultaneously, a social satirist, a pop artist and a commercial artist.

"Take Reggie Jackson," LeRoy says.

Is that a Pentel in your pocket or are you just glad to see me?: Neiman with Mom, Mae and model

"I know he makes errors in the field. I know he falls down sometimes, but he is a great hitter. He is the guy who hits the big ones. That's his essence. That's why he's special. That's why I paint him hitting a home run. I paint the most important part of him.

"Before me," LeRoy continues, "sports art was not even considered art. Believe me, it won't be that way anymore. Everyone's into it now. It's going to be a movement, a movement like the . . . pornography movement."

I look hard at him, but he is smiling. So I switch to television. How did he get started?

"Through Roone Arledge. But it wasn't a pushy thing. It happened naturally. In 1971, the TV guys had a strike, so they couldn't film the Ali fight. I stepped in and did drawings and the next day I was on with Cosell and Ali, and they used my drawings as a point of reference. The next big one was Bobby Fischer against Spassky in Iceland. They had a stage there, and Bobby Fischer kicked the cameras off because they were distracting him. Roone called me and asked me to go. They put me on the stage, but Fischer was going to have me thrown off because he could smell my felt-tipped pen. He kept sniffing the air. So I switched to an ink pen. But the strokes of the pen, scratching, that got him upset too. So I switched to pencil. Then in 1972, I was on the Olympics. I was on every night for a couple of minutes. I did a drawing of Mark Spitz under a hair dryer, and it was a far-out revelation. I did a 360-pound wrestler reclining in a cheesecake pose. That was a gas. Between the Olympics I did a lot of TV . . . the World Series . . ."

"Would you consider the last Olympics the height of your artistic career?"

"The height of exposure. Not the height of my painting. My best paintings are social paintings, but I never forget the little guy. If I'm going to a super party the elevator operator takes me down, the limo driver takes me to the party, I walk in and a man takes my coat, I get into the room and another man hands me a drink. So you mustn't ever forget the working man: at these super parties, everyone is working. There are gossip columnists, and deals are being made. Then the poor slob watches the party in the *News* or the *Post* and they see Mick Jagger and Bianca, and the artist Leroy Neiman, and they want to be there. They dress like us. We're the news for the poor workingguy."

BE ONE OF US

us
CHARLIE'S NEW ANGEL
Can Cheryl Ladd

☐ YES, I want to be a part of US.
Sign me up now for:

15 ISSUES ONLY $8.97

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE ZIP

Prices valid in the USA only. For Canada and Foreign, please add $1.00 for postage and handling.

A8B014

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT NO. 979
GREENWICH
CONNECTICUT

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
NO POSTAGE NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY:

us
P.O. BOX 6810
GREENWICH, CT 06830

How Does It Feel To Be One Of US?

TERRIFIC!

Come! Bid the blahs good-bye. Say so-long to boredom. Get with US—the magazine that makes you feel terrific about being alive right now.

Crack open the covers and fill your life with familiar faces. Have a heart-to-heart talk with the men and women who've made it. See how they live, why they achieve, how they cope, what they want out of life. You even meet their families and look over their childhood photos in Family Album. Find ideas, inspiration, and fulfillment for your own style of living!

Here, see what you've been missing. Isn't it time you joined US?

David Hartman. The inner life of America's favorite morning man.

Doctor Stress. Rx for happiness from the world's top stress expert.

Alan Alda. Risking his image to play the role of a real-life felon.

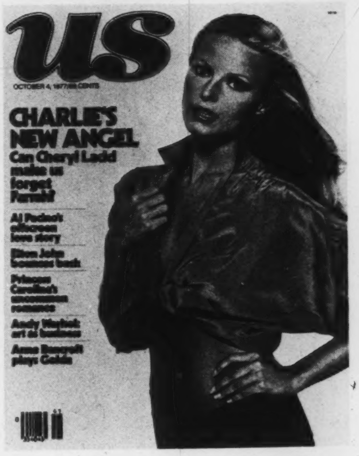
The Indians and Marlon Brando. Just another white man who speak with forked tongue?

Fresh Faces in Rock and Jazz. Four big reasons why jazz now sounds and sells like rock.

Ansel Adams. A famous photographer fights to save the environment—with his camera.

Olivia Newton-John. Shaking her "milkshake" image.

Edith Bunker. The "dingbat" airs her views on the ERA.



Muhammad Ali. Is there equality between the sexes in the champ's home camp?

Captain Midnight. Remember South Vietnam's Nguyen Cao Ky? He now runs a liquor store in California.

Kate Jackson. After a year in Farrah's shadow, the "quiet" Angel speaks.

Top Doctors Speak Out on the Laetrile Controversy.

Liza Minnelli. After years of wrong men and movies, Judy's daughter gets a new chance.

Peter Frampton. His millions, his women—and his fears.

Glen and Sarah Campbell. It's been billed as country music's most scandalous marriage; now, for the first time, the couple is ready to talk about it.

Heights of the Stars. Is Kate Jackson taller than Big Bird? A guide to the celebrities' true heights.

Frankie Valli. Now it can be told—a rock star's struggle with deafness.

Write a Book and Get Rich. Even unknown writers are making big bucks these days.

Get the picture? US lets you in on the lives, the loves, the longings of people who make their mark on the world we live in. US gets you closer to what people are all about.

And US invites you to subscribe!

Be One of US!

YES! Count me in! Send me 15 issues of US magazine for just $8.97. Home-delivered, every other week.

☐ Bill me.
☐ Payment enclosed.

NAME ______________________
ADDRESS ______________________
CITY ______________________
STATE __________ ZIP __________

Mail to: US, P.O. Box 6810,
Greenwich, CT 06830.

Allow 6 to 8 weeks for subscription to start.

A8B104

Color Me Great: Neiman and Ali go stroke for stroke in Zaire

"Do you feel guilt for living well, while the poor guy can only watch?"

Neiman looks shocked at the question. "No, I'm not guilty at all. I'm working *for them*! It's not easy to be in attendance at these things all the time. When I go to a snob occasion, the working-class slob is there too, because I take my background with me. I never put down a waiter . . . of course, I won't put up with any shit if he's rude.

"It's not easy at all," LeRoy says. "I have rules I live by. I am very wary of yachts. I don't go on weekends on great estates. I don't go to parties around acquisitions of one of my paintings. I stay away from condominiums and ski resorts. It's not easy having these things. People who own them have a hard time assembling the right cast. I never go to Westchester. I never go to the Hamptons in a host's car. In any of these situations, you can't get away. If a personality clash comes into existence, there might be an effort to prove to you that you aren't as great as you think you are. Say you're in a car, they insult you, and there's another hour on the road . . . they may even branch off into another language or something for a whole hour."

"Tell me about your wife," I say. "Janet seems nice, but you have all these other girls?"

"Yes," says LeRoy. "I met Janet 20 years ago, when she was a young, beautiful art student. Now she's in her late forties. But we keep it together. She isn't jealous of my girl friends. But *they are* of her. A lot of these girls think they can reform me, get the *decent* side to be the main side. But a guy who has lived like I have . . . it's like a girl trying to reform a fag . . ."

"I see," I say. "Well, you have all these women friends . . . is it OK for Lucette to have male friends?"

"No," says LeRoy Neiman. "I demand devotion. But I don't cry."

I ponder that nonsequitor for a moment, then say, "Well, LeRoy, I think we've gotten into the real you."

He looks hopeful.

"Hello?" I say. "Andy?"

"Yes," says Andy Warhol.

"I'm doing a piece on LeRoy Neiman. I wonder if you have any comments on him."

"I think he's wonderful," says Andy Warhol. "I watched him on the Olympics . . . every night from start to finish . . . He was terrific. I'm doing sports figures myself now."

"You really like him, huh?"

"Oh yes" says Andy. "I think he's very *sweet*.

It's half time at the Jets game. LeRoy, Lucette and I are in the owners' special club eating their buffet. It's been a good first half for the Jets against Oakland. Richard has thrown four touchdown passes, and his team has a big lead.

"How about that Todd?" I say to LeRoy. "He's really looking sensational."

"Yeah," says LeRoy. "He sure is. You know I talked to him before the game. You saw me. I told you, when I talk to them, it makes a difference."

"You know," says Lucette, looking like a Dresden doll. "You know that LeRoy has ESP . . . He feels vibrations."

"It's true," says LeRoy. "You know Todd wanted me to paint him. I told him five thousand dollars. He said the price was too high . . . but if he keeps having great days like this, he'll be able to afford it. Then he'll be worthy of me painting him."

"Right," I say.

"You should have been at the Series the other night," LeRoy says. "I got some great sketches of Reggie hitting home runs."

He opens his bags and shows me some rather good drawings of Jackson.

"You know I was with Reggie right before the start of the last game and I said, 'I'm going to draw you.' And then he did it . . . Of course, I'm not saying *I* did it. . .

"You know, Reggie is coming in on Monday to see the drawings I did of him. He wanted me to paint him earlier this year, but I refused."

"How come?" I ask.

"Well," says LeRoy, "he just wouldn't sell."

"What?" I say. "Reggie Jackson? Come on. I have to disagree with you."

"It's true. Look, at the time he was only hitting about .250 and he was making a lot of errors . . . I didn't want to do it.

"Besides," LeRoy says, "Black athletes don't sell well."

"No?"

"No. I did Lenny Randle, the Mets' best player, and we were walking away from the ballpark, and not one person recognized him. Of course, they would recognize Reggie . . . but I wouldn't want to make a deal with him now."

"Why not?"

"Because of the World Series. He'd want an impossible amount. I could make a poster of him from the drawings I have here. But there's one condition."

"What's that?"

"I always have to get the most money. The athlete has to get less."

"What kind of split would you make with Reggie now, 60–40?"

LeRoy nods. "Yeah, I'd take that now . . . not later, but now. Sometimes, though, I only give the athlete ten percent."

Lucette smiles and says nothing. We have a few more glasses of wine, and LeRoy greets George Steinbrenner and some other people who, he tells me, own the Jets. They look like the kind of people you see at horse shows. I wonder what kind of painting George Grosz might do of them.

"Well," I say, "I'm going down to my seat to watch the second half. This is a hell of a game."

"Not me," says LeRoy. "I'm going home. I can always watch the game on TV . . . but I probably won't. I've had years of this stuff."

He snorts a laugh, takes Lucette's arm, and they stride away through the crowd. ●

Movies/by Richard Corliss

SCHRADER'S NIGHTMARE OF NORMALITY

Even as **Blue Collar** begins, you hear and feel the slow throbbing of the base drum—da DUM da DUM—ominous and monotonous, like the heavy footfalls of a company foreman or a union thug following you in the dark—da DUM da DUM—only it's worse, it's daytime, it's some time between nine and five-thirty, morning or afternoon, you're not sure exactly when, and you're one of a hundred guys working on a Detroit assembly line, tightening a screw or installing a windshield to the rhythm of the line—da DUM da DUM—and even after working, when you're out bowling with your wife or having a beer with the boys or snorting coke with some girls, you know you're still on that line, you'll never get off it, and in bed at night you'll keep breathing to that beat, and it'll keep pulsing long after you're dead and some other poor sonofabitch has taken your place on the line on the line da DUM da DUM.

This is the rhythm (it's from an old Presley song called "Trouble") that snakes through *Blue Collar*: the fateful tempo of the same old job, with the same compressed frustrations, punctuated with eruptions of vocal violence. It infects three ordinary guys: Zeke (Richard Pryor), black, ornery, married, three kids at home, three more on his IRS deductions; Jerry (Harvey Keitel), Polish-American, sturdy, married, two kids; and Smoky (Yaphet Kotto), black, a graceful bull, very unmarried, ex-con. They feel used up and broken down, by both the company and the union. But the union is closer to them; it has faces attached to the machines of oppression; its smell of unkept promises and underworld corruption sticks more easily to the workers' coveralls. So Zeke and Jerry and Smoky decide to rob their union treasury—and discover it contains, not money, but IOUs for the local's loan-sharking.

Suddenly, what started as a slice of hi-cal lowlife looks to be turning into a comedy caper movie. (First crook, before the heist: "Synchronize your watches." Second: "Ain't got no watch." Third: "Mine's busted." Then, to scare a night watchman who's discovered them inside the union vault, our boys don their disguises: a set of wax teeth, a pair of glasses with goo-goo eyes attached to slinkies, and a cowboy hat with an arrow through it.) That's okay; at least these are working-class antiheroes for a change, not the white-collar perpetrators whose smugness suffocated the caper genre out of existence a few years ago.

But *Blue Collar* has something more on its mind—a lot more. If you look closely at the insignia of the Amalgamated Auto Workers union, you'll see it's a circle of interlocking swastikas; and if you stand back a bit from the slap-on-the-back, soul-handshake camaraderie of the union president, you'll see ordinary fascism in action. Much more threatening than the union's muscle (its lumbering *goniffs* with semi-pro linebacker bodies and curiously adolescent voices) is its sheer political power, more seductive than any call-girl's smile, and more pestilential. Zeke understands this. He knows that the auto "plant is short for plantation"; that UAW doesn't stand for United Auto Workers, but for "all right if U are White"; and, finally, that the question isn't whether you're going to sell out, but to whom, and for what price. "If I gotta kiss ass," he tells Jerry, "I'm gonna pick the ass I'm gonna kiss."

Blue Collar marks the directorial debut of Paul Schrader, the screenwriter who, up to now, has won a tripartite notoriety: for his public persona (an existential Mr. Mean, with a .44 Magnum in one hand and a copy of Robert Bresson's *Notes on Cinematography* in the other); for his ability to swing lucrative movie deals (he was supposed to have been paid $600,000 for *not* directing a movie; as it happens, Schrader never got the money); and for the spectacular violence of the movies he's written (*The Yakuza*, *Taxi Driver*, *Rolling Thunder*). With *Blue Collar*, alas, Hollywood will have to scale down its image of Schrader. His control of every aspect of the movie—the script (written with his brother Leonard from what I take to be an original screen story by Sydney A. Glass), the actors, the narrative drive, the images and, most important, the *vision*—reveals Schrader as that dullest of Polo Lounge commodities, a serious and important film artist.

Assembly Line Blues: In *Blue Collar* the beat goes on . . . and on . . .

Schrader's earlier screenplays were obsessed with aberrant psychological movement: from just the other side of normal, on out to the edge where aggressions explode into crimson orgasms of destruction. And his interest always lay in the factors that could propel a middle-aged detective, a New York cabbie, a Vietnam veteran into that nightmare twilight. But Schrader often (and especially in *Taxi Driver*) seemed too dazzled by the theatrics of psychosis to try to make connections, even at the beginning of a film, between his protagonist and his audience; we could be thrilled or horrified by Robert DeNiro's performance, but maybe not touched—it was too *other*, like Lugosi as Dracula. What's possible, of course, is that we were never meant to identify with this character, and that our cue should be taken from *Taxi Driver*'s visual style: steamy, gaudy, a neon image of hell, now playing on 42nd Street.

Blue Collar has its own surreal images, most notably a Michigan smogscape that looks like a Hollywood backdrop out of *Edsel's Inferno*. And the rainbow sparks that fly off the assembly line as the cars are welded together have their own beauty—a beauty that attracts us even as it can singe the workers. But Schrader isn't looking to duplicate Martin Scorsese's *Taxi Driver* camerabatics. And he isn't trying to lead Pryor and Keitel to showy, sure-fire-Oscar-nominee performances (though Yaphet Kotto deserves some kind of award for making Smoky so tough, intelligent and genial). *Blue Collar* isn't identifiable as an actor's movie, or even a director's movie. It's just a damned good movie, seamless and compelling.

Here, Schrader is after something more modest—and more audacious—than the E.C. horror-comics propulsive force of *Taxi Driver*: the separate movements of three normal guys when confronted with a demonic force outside of themselves, but one they understand all too well. It's called The System, and it offers you options: work within it (as Zeke eventually does), fight it and get branded a fink (as Jerry is), or pretend to ignore it and get killed (as Smoky is). But it hardly matters which "choice" you make, *Blue Collar* tells us; in the end you lose. And, the machine keeps moving—grinding out cars, grinding down men and their small dreams, replacing them with new, factory-made men with the rhythm of the machine printed in their heads. The beat goes on.

There's a priapic interlude in *Blue Collar* during which Pryor and Keitel engage in a lighthearted duel—using dildoes as swords. I'll take critical license and see in this moment the spirit, if not quite the subtext, of the conflict between Keitel and Keith Carradine, as two officers in Napoleon's army, in **The Duellists.** This is the darkly sumptuous and oddly engaging little film which the jury at last year's Cannes Film Festival awarded its special prize to—only to be overruled by the Festival's organizers (who demoted it to "Best Debut Film" for director Ridley Scott). *The Duellists* may not by worth making that kind of fuss over, but it's surely worth seeing: not only for the vendetta these two soldiers carry, to tragicomic extremes, over a generation of war and peace, but for the ability of two very contemporary, very *American* actors to turn a moviegoer's sniggers over what at first seems a feat of monumental miscasting into appreciation of their eccentric rightness as grown men with little-boy grudges, in a life-and-death game of dueling egos.

Dueling Pigtails: Carradine and Keitel in a battle of witlessness

In *The Duellists*, Keitel is a fierce incarnation of obsessiveness; most of the time he's offscreen, but we feel his presence nonetheless, shadowing his antagonist's every move. In **Fingers**, writer-director James Toback's own ambitious first film, Keitel is onscreen for virtually every scene—and for once we can see, in full flower, this provocative actor's strengths and limitations. Keitel, I'm told, used to joke that, if there were an Oscar given for Best Five-Minute Performance, he'd win every year. And it's true, he brings leading-man authority and sexual magnetism to small parts: the psycho cowboy in *Alice Doesn't Live Here Any More*, the dangerous pimp in *Taxi Driver*. But his larger roles have rarely exploited that quality of feral menace. In *Mean Streets* he must play the troubled nice-guy to DeNiro's bravura troublemaker; in *Welcome to L.A.* he seems to stand outside his character—a successful, uptight businessman—making derisive comments. Keitel is a powerful actor, with an overpowering physique, and he looks straitjacketed in a suit and tie; the street-smart punk inside needs to break out, tear a passion (and a sportcoat) to tatters. From the first moment of *Fingers*—sitting at a piano, playing a classical étude—to the last—crumpled up, nude, at the same piano—you want to get Keitel out of the truss of withdrawal, and into a decent John Garfield role.

Keitel is playing a serious musician—with hopes of performing at Carnegie Hall—who supports himself by collecting money owed to his father, a garrulous Mafioso. The pianist is what he wants to be; the "collector" is what, at age 30, he is. Like so many heroes of current modernist films, he's inextricably drawn to the violent and venal: to a charming, sadistic dude named Dreems (Jim Brown, in a blackface version of the role Keitel has played so often and so well); to his father's underworld milieu, intoxicating with its savor of life-on-the-line; to his private otherworld of Oedipal phantoms and a beckoning blond Circe.

If the movie doesn't work, it's because Toback has tried too much (a noble failing)—not just in the movie, but in almost every scene. Psychological intensity gives way to emotional clutter. And Toback's seeming sense of identification with his characters doesn't always translate to the audience. Are we to find the father (expansively overplayed by Michael V. Gazzo) an engaging *uomo*, or just a loud buffoon? Is his son's habit of playing a cassette of rock songs at full volume in a crowded restaurant meant as an attractive nose-thumbing gesture, or the act of an arrogant creep. Maybe the answer to both questions is: both. But Toback doesn't cue the audience response. We have to take too many moments in his movie on faith.

I respect Harvey Keitel for taking chances with three radically different characters, and with three promising, first-time directors; someday he'll find a role that will fit him, and allow him to expand to fit *it*. And someday James Toback—who happens to be one of the most articulate and entertaining individuals in fiction or real life—will make a movie as interesting as he is. ●

Books/by Geoffrey Wolff

BLUES FOR THE HEADSET, IN A MINOR KEY

Transatlantic Blues
by Wilfrid Sheed
A Henry Robbins Book/Dutton
(312 pp., $9.95).

Imagine spending an entire afternoon in contemplation of David Frost. Imagine writing a novel about him. Wilfrid Sheed has written a novel, his seventh, about someone superficially very much like David Frost, thus retiring the cup for improbable subjects. David Frost! The mention of his name has been a staple joke in the pages of *National Lampoon* and *Private Eye* for years. And more than ten years ago, Tom Wolfe pinned his type to the specimen page in a piece titled "The Mid-Atlantic Man." Here's the character:

"Mid-Atlantic Men. He meets them all the time in London now. They are Englishmen who have reversed the process and . . . gone American." In the old days it worked the other way, the Yank goes to Oxford and "combs his hair into wings over the ears, and he puts a certain nice drag in his voice and learns to walk like he is recovering from a broken back. The Englishman today goes American, becomes a Mid-Atlantic Man, to achieve the opposite. He wants to get out from under the domination of the English upper classes by . . . going classless. And he goes classless by taking on the style of life, or part of the style of life, of a foreigner who cannot be fitted into the English class system, the modern, successful, powerful American."

For Tom Wolfe, the far evolution of this phenomenon in the mid-sixties was the "young English show-business figure . . . producer, impresario, who goes American in a big way." Which led him in short order to David Frost, who took up the classless and institution-free insignia of the black-knit tie, and became the chief pond-crosser of all those hectic exploiters of people who deserved to be exploited, one of the transatlantics who had it both ways, who "had the American thing and the English thing."

Wolfe mapped the surface of a type, Sheed explores a character. Monty Chatworth, who got his Christian name from a media-mole who preferred "Monty" to Pendrid, is a sometimes lapsed Roman Catholic who has unaccountably received a clutch of awards in America and an MBE in Britain for his television presentations. During a 747 flight to London, he tries drunkenly to confess his sins to a few startled passengers, and, when this fails, to a Sony tape recorder.

His sins are of two kinds: interesting and uninteresting. The latter touch on his life as a television celebrity. And to guess why someone like David Frost (mentioned by name in the jacket copy and in the text and, by coy implication, in the plot at several points) would occupy the attention of a writer as gifted as Sheed, I must back up a bit.

Sheed has been hounded by the rubric "minor novelist" from the beginning of his career, and often the locution is uttered by the same critics who heap praise upon him as a brilliant listener, and social and cultural observer. Sheed has himself written about the problem, or the condition, of being considered minor, and has thought the matter through with patience as well as puzzlement, knowing pretty well what *they* want (a blockbuster) and knowing, to a millimeter, what he wishes to give (something less).

Writing in 1970 for a symposium in *New American Review #10*, Sheed fixed the novelist's situation both flippantly and poignantly: "To begin at the beginning: there is no writing for glory anymore—not great big glory anyway. Outside of English departments and the publishing warrens, only about three American writers are widely known by name—and of these at least two are famous for nonliterary reasons. And I don't see how any writer, even the phantom three, can now expect to outlive his own lifetime. . . . Two conditions spring from this, which more or less cancel each other out. First, one is disinclined to gamble everything on a masterpiece. Ten years is too long to spend on a book that will live less than one. . . . The consequence, as in poetry, is the limited masterpiece, the one that doesn't take too long or wear you out too much. . . . The perfect lyric is still in reach, the book that can be written in the summer and pay expenses; with a scream for quick attention often inserted somewhere. Why do we do it? Ask a bathtub tenor why he sings. . . . There are blessings to having apparently outlived one's form. . . . We have been granted the recklessness of minor powers, responsible to no one, and it would be a dirty shame not to enjoy ourselves."

This is smart, tough, candid and mostly true. Beyond which, no writer *owes* any reader a damned thing. Still: David Frost! Well, as it happens, the interesting sins don't belong to Frost at all, but rather to some very different character grafted to the television jerk's foreparts, and much resembling in his history the history of Wilfrid Sheed.

Sheed, like Pendrid Chatworth, was

© JILL KREMENTZ

Wilfred Sheed: His best impulses and sources are autobiographical

NewTimes Classified

NEW TIMES Classified is a service published in every other issue of NEW TIMES. Rates are $1.95 per word with a 10 word minimum; $1.85 per word for 6 or more insertions; $1.70 per word for over 12 insertions. Box numbers and phone numbers count as 2 words; abbreviations and zip codes count as one word.

Area codes must accompany phone numbers. Money orders or check must accompany copy and be received prior to closing date (30 days before issue date). Make all checks payable to New Times Publishing Company. Send to NEW TIMES MAGAZINE, One Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016.

Business Opportunities

NEW LUXURY CAR WITHOUT COST! Free Details. Codex-BB, Box 6073, Toledo, Ohio 43614.

GET RICH!! Secret law erases debts! Free report exposes millionaire'$$ secrets. Blueprints #J6, 453 W256, NYC 10471.

PHOTOGRAPHERS NEEDED $15.00 HOUR. Details Send $1.00. Photographers, Box 17, Natick, Mass. 01760.

HOME IMPORT Mail Order Business. Start without capital. Free report. Mellinger, Dept. G1322, Woodland Hills, California 91367.

TAKE CATALOG ORDERS. We drop-ship 1001 best-selling specialty products. Lowest below-wholesale prices. Immediate delivery. Spectacular home business opportunity. FREE BOOK. SMC, 6061 De Soto Ave., Dept. 166-62A, Woodland Hills, CA 91365.

Education/Instruction

UNIVERSITY DEGREES BY MAIL. Bachelors, Masters, Ph.D's . . . Free revealing details. Counseling, Box 317-TN64, Tustin, California 92680.

TERM PAPERS. Thousands on file. All academic subjects. Send for free mail order catalog. Box 25918-X, Los Angeles, Calif. 90025. (213) 477-8474.

COLLEGE DEGREES BY MAIL. It is honestly possible to earn a legitimate, accredited bachelors, masters, or doctorate from well-known universities without taking any traditional courses whatsoever, often at surprisingly low cost. Free details from Dr. John Bear, 2150 Franklin Street, Dept. 60731, Oakland, California 94612.

Employment Opportunities

OVERSEAS JOBS—Now Hiring. All occupations. High Pay! Transportation. Computerized reports $2.00. TRANSWORLD, International Airport, Box 90802-NT, Los Angeles, Ca. 90009.

MEN! WOMEN! JOBS ON SHIPS. American, Foreign. Worldwide travel. Guide $3.00 Seafax, Dept. X-7, Box 2049, Port Angeles, Was. 98362.

EMPLOYMENT!!! U.S.!! Foreign! Skilled, Unskilled, Equal Opportunity, All Fields, Directory, Application, Resume Instructions $3.00. National, 422-NT Washington Building, D.C. 20005.

U.S. FIRMS OVERSEAS—Complete information on hundreds of worldwide companies. Outstanding opportunities and advantages. Send $6.96 to GLOBALEMPLOY (LCKT), Box 4499-R, Huntsville, AL 35802.

Need Money? Help us stuff envelopes. $350.00 per thousand. Guaranteed And Proven! Don't be fooled by similar offers. We need immediate help! For complete details, send self-addressed stamped envelope to: Details, Box 10199, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53210.

AUSTRALIA—NEW ZEALAND, 50,000 Jobs! Transportation! Latest Information, $2.00. AUSTCO, Box 8489-NT, Long Beach, Ca. 90808.

Films

SUPER 8, VIDEOCASSETTES & 16MM Full Length Features and Digest Films in Color and Black/White. Rock Movies, Jack Nicolson, Sherlock Holmes, Bogart, Selznick, Hundreds of Titles. FREE Illustrated Catalog. NILES, Box 1576-NT, South Bend, Indiana 46634.

Government Surplus

JEEPS — $59.30! — CARS — $33.50! — 200,000 ITEMS!—GOVERNMENT SURPLUS—Most COMPREHENSIVE DIRECTORY AVAILABLE tells how, where to buy—YOUR AREA—$2.00—MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE—Government Information Services, Dept. GR-1, Box 99249, San Francisco, California 94109 (433 California).

Gourmet

SECRET Pizza Dough? No more! Recipe $1.00. SASE: D. Bravomalo, 29296 Lund, Warren, Michigan 48093.

GOURMET CHINESE WOK RECIPE. $1.00 and SASE: CROW, P.O. Box 196, Hyampom, Calif. 96046.

Literary Services

DISSERTATIONS, THESES, WRITING, EDITING, TYPING. All subjects. Confidential. We deliver what others promise—that's why we're #1! RESEARCH UNLIMITED, Box 300-N, Dayton, Washington 99328.

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors in a complete, reliable publishing program: publicity, advertising, promotion, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Dept. NEB, 84 Fifth Avenue, New York, 10011.

COLLEGIATE RESEARCH PAPERS. Thousands on file. All academic subjects. Send for free mail order catalog. Box 25916-N, Los Angeles, Calif. 90025. (213) 477-8474.

WRITING. ACADEMIC, BUSINESS. Large professional staff. CONFIDENTIAL. Reasonable. Excellent facilities. Writers Unlimited, Washington, D.C. 20012. (202) 723-1715.

COLLEGIATE PAPERS low as $1.00 per page with exchange! Thousands on file. All subjects. Send $2.00 for catalog!! Academic Clearinghouse, Box #8226, Washington, D.C. 20024. (202) 829-1555.

Lyrics And Poems

POETRY WANTED for Anthology. Include stamped envelope. Contemporary Literature Press, P.O. Box 26462, San Francisco, California 94126.

Merchandise

GENUINE INDIAN JEWELRY WHOLESALE! DETAILS $1.00 (refundable). Lange/NT, 6031 North 7th Street, Phoenix, Arizona 85014.

HISTORICAL T-SHIRTS

virginia woolf

Jung, Freud, Nietzsche, Wittgenstein, Plato, Bertrand Russell, Virginia Woolf, Emily Dickinson, George Sand, Amelia Earhart, James Joyce, Mark Twain, Bach, Beethoven, Mahler, Mozart, Colette, Gertrude Stein, G.B. Shaw, Marx, Mao, Nijinsky, Dostoevsky, Poe,

White cotton shirts, sm(34-36), med(38-40) lg(42-44) x-lg(46-48) $6.00ea 4/$20 prices postpaid - make checks payable to

HISTORICAL T-SHIRTS
Box 55m Somerville, Mass. 02144

R.O. BIGGS T-SHIRTS

CUSTOM SILKSCREENED 5 COLOR DESIGNS

THE RUNNER

Also available:
"THE HIKER"
"THE CYCLER"
"THE DIVER"

Send $5.95 plus 50¢ to:
Specify S M L XL

100% Cotton

KOOT ENTERPRISES
DEPT. NTF
P.O. BOX 15954
OVERLAND, MO. 63114

JOB HIT KIT:

Try famous Job cigarette papers at home. Send $1.00 to cover cost, postage and handling. Offer includes one pack *new* Job 1-point-25, and two packs Job 1-point-5, and one pack Job Double Wide Papers.

One Sample to a Family, Please.

Send Name and Address to:

PAPERS
Dept. NT-2-6
Adams Apple Dist. Co.
5100 N. Ravenswood
Chicago, Ill. 60640
You must be 21 years of age.

FREE HEARING AID CATALOG. Save 1/2 by mail. Write: "Money$avers," 9530NT2 Langdon, Sepulveda, Calif. 91343.

FOREIGN LANGUAGE T-SHIRTS—Choose from our selection of 43 snappy sayings in 18 different languages, each one screen printed on a fine, colored T-shirt. Send 25¢ for brochure: CORNUCOPEIA T-SHIRTS, Box 9301N, Madison, WI 53715.

RECORDS-TAPES! Discounts to 73%; all labels; no purchase obligations; newsletter; discount dividend certificates; 100% guarantees. Free details. Discount Music Club, 650 Main Street, Dept. 19-0278, New Rochelle, New York 10801.

Money Making Opportunities

$500,THOUSAND Immediately Stuffing Envelopes! Free Details: Monterey Place, P.O. Box 33147-A, Coon Rapids, Mn. 55433.

$500/THOUSAND!! Stuff Envelopes. Proven, Free Supplies!, Guaranteed!! Send Stamped Addressed Envelope-G&D Enterprises, 193 Indiana Ave., Providence, R.I. 02905.

STAY HOME! EARN BIG MONEY addressing envelopes. Genuine offer 10¢. Lindco, 3636-NT Peterson, Chicago 60659.

WIN CONTESTS!! Amazing secrets revealed! 80,000 sold at $3.00. Now only $1.95. TR, Box 292, Great Barrington, MA. 01230.

EARN $500/WEEKLY in your spare time at home. Details—Send $1.00 to Sunshine Gifts, Dept. 2N, 39 Spruce Ave., Kirkwood, N.J. 08043.

MILLIONS IN MAIL! Free Secrets. Transworld-19, Box 6226, Toledo, Ohio 43614.

MAKE $500 Spare Time. Send Stamped Envelope. Juney, Box 4241, Diamond Bar, CA 91765.

Personal

HAVE HEALTHY HAIR AGAIN! Spectacular results guaranteed! $19.95. ULTRAHAIR, Box 10101N, Detroit 48210.

BECOME LEGALLY ORDAINED MINISTER. Credentials Sent for $3.00 offering. Mother Earth Church, 2330T Butano, Sacramento, CA 95825.

DATES GALORE! Meet singles anywhere. Call DATELINE toll-free (800) 451-3245.

CREATIVE SINGLES is for Creative Singles everywhere. Information $1 (refundable). Box 311-NT, Reston, Va. 22090.

BE ALIVE AT LAST! TAP your true potential . . . for increased mindpower, memory, easier relaxation. Rapid results assured. Full Details FREE. Life Dynamics Fellowship, 2935 Chillon Way, P.O. Box 418-NKX, Laguna Beach, CA 92652.

Publications

YOUR MOST VALUABLE ASSET is your good health. BESTWAYS MAGAZINE uncovers the fads, the fallacies and the myths of the medical establishment. Bestways brings you solid, lively information on how good nutrition and sane living can add life to your years. One year subscription (12 issues) only $7.50 from BESTWAYS, Dept. NT, 466 Foothill Blvd., La Canada, CA. 91011,

THE NEWBORN MOTHER: woman's first 1½ yrs. with firstborn. Warm, informative, candid. $3.50. CC, P.O. Box 2066, Carson City, NV 89701.

HATE MAIL. Wanted: funny letters of complaint/rejection/accusation/frustration received (or sent) by readers—on any subject—for inclusion in forthcoming anthology of classic guided missives. Letters must be amusing as well as abusing. Nothing obscene, racist or genuinely threatening. All contributions acknowledged by friendly mail. Donald Carroll, 205 East Pleasant Street, Amherst, MA 01002.

ALDOUS HUXLEY'S "THE ART OF SEEING", best book on improving vision, paperback $4.95 postpaid. Montana Books, 1716-C N. 45th St., Seattle, 98103.

LITERATURE IS ALIVE AND WELL! We carry the best new writing from all over the world in books and magazines from small presses who care about the writing first and the money second. Write for catalog, lists. Truck Distribution Service, Box 4544, St. Paul, MN 55104.

Real Estate

BIG . . . FREE . . . SPRING CATALOG! Over 2,500 top values coast to coast! UNITED FARM AGENCY, 612-CI West 47th., Kansas City, Mo. 64112.

Self Improvement

Generous discounts up to 25%

for over 200 new-age human potential movement services around the country, including nationally popular growth experiences, sensuality and sexuality explorations, prosperity seminars, massage, Rolfing, and Polarity bodywork, health and nutritional guidance, dance, music, occult arts, awareness consulting, resorts, travel, books, records, tapes, magazines, etc. **A mere $25/year or $50/3 years for all discounts, seasonal directories, and a membership card.** Mail check to The Expanding Circle, 107 Marion Ave., Sausalito, California 94965. For more information or to use your **Master Charge or BankAmericard-Visa, call toll free anytime 1-800-528-6050, ext. 816.**

Arizona residents, call collect 1-602-955-9710, ext. 816.

The Expanding Circle

YOU ARE UNIQUE! Non-computerized astrological profile and analysis $35. Send exact time, date and place of birth to: P.L. Vinikas, Box 212, Meadville, PA., 16335.

Services

1,000 Business Cards—Raised Print-$10.95. Ink-Black; Delivery-fortnight. Cate Co., Box 1118, Falls Church, VA. 22041.

BIORYTHMS. Your emotional, intellectual, physical. Cycles for one year. Based on birthdate. 12 computer calculated sheets. $5.95. Biorythms, P.O. Box 1872, Charlotte, N.C. 28233.

THE DENVER PRIMAL CENTER (Ltd) offers fundamental Primal program. Staff fully trained by Certified Primal Therapists. 2236 S. Albion, Denver, Colo. 80222. (303) 757-6521.

Stereo

CAR STEREOS

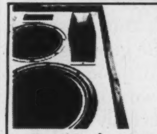
NAME BRANDS AT DIRECT-TO-YOU PRICES!

CRAIG, CLARION, JENSEN AND MORE. SEE OUR CATALOG FOR BEST SELECTION—WHOLESALE PRICES!

Imagine—a name brand AM/FM 8 Track in-dash stereo w/channel indicator, local-distant switch, auto repeat (installation kit incl.) for only $47. Master Charge & Visa accepted. Satisfaction guaranteed on all merchandise.

SEND $1.00 (REFUNDABLE ON FIRST ORDER) WITH YOUR NAME & ADDRESS TO:

CCS DISTRIBUTORS, INC.
DEPT. 102
P.O. BOX 262
OAK FOREST, IL. 60452



GOOD SOUND IS AFFORDABLE.

The speaker is the only part of stereo system you actually hear, yet it is the least accurate segment of most music reproduction systems. Good speakers necessarily cost quite a bit of money. If you would like the maximum for your money consider Speakerlab kits. We've simply subtracted the cost of assembly (and the mark-ups enjoyed by retail stereo stores) leaving high quality stereo speakers in simple kit form. A Speakerlab kit requires only two hand tools to assemble. Illustrated, coherent instructions take you each step of the assembly process. And if you cannot finish assembly, we will complete your kits for only the cost of freight.

Request our free 52-page catalog-manual for a complete description of our kits. Making good sound affordable has made us the largest manufacturer of speaker kits in the world.

Speakerlab Inc., Dept. NT-A
5500 35th N.E., Seattle, WA 98105

MAXELL IS NOW GIVING DEALS ON SHEET MUSIC AND ORGANS.

The deals are on posters suitable for framing. One depicts Richard Strauss' manuscript of Death and Transfiguration, Opus 24. The other, an Arp Synthesizer.

Normally $3 values, your local Maxell tape dealer is now making a special offer on them.

NOTICE: RECORD RATERS WANTED

(No experience required) Each month you will receive nationally released albums to rate. THERE IS NO EXTRA CHARGE for the LP's you receive. You pay a small membership fee which covers all costs of the LP's. We pay postage. In return for your opinion, build your LP collection. "First come basis." For application write: EARS, DEPT. N Box 10245, 5521 Center St., Milwaukee, WI 53210.

1975 EARS

Travel

EXPLORE POLYNESIA: Off-the-beaten-path expeditions to villages in Tahiti, Fiji, Samoa, 22 days, from $1099. UTA French Airlines, PO Box 9000, Van Nuys, CA, 91406, or Goodman's Good-Travel Tours, Dept. NT, Box 2866, Oakland, CA 94618.

DISCOVER THE MAYA: Ancient temples, Indian villages, colonial heritage, volcanoes and beaches. Small groups led by qualified guides. 15 day trips to Mexico and Guatemala. FORUM TRAVEL INTERNATIONAL, Dept. NT, 2437 Durant #208, Berkeley, CA 94704.

Unusual Items

Reach a VERY SPECIAL MILLION readers with your classified display ad in NEW TIMES. Display ads cost $80 per column inch; $6.25 per agate line thereafter. For further information, contact NEW TIMES, Classified Advertising, One Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016 or call (212) 889-6900.

NEGATIVE ION GENERATORS, PYRAMIDS, biorythms, dowsing, meditative music. Books by Reich, Keeley, Von Reichenbach and more, catalogue 25¢. Cheops, 8143-NT Big Bend, St. Louis, Mo. 63119.

PYRAMID ENERGY can harm your health! Find out why. $5.95 postpaid. Ca. add 6%. University Press, Box 644NT, Boulder Creek, CA 95006.

1978 GUARDIAN CALENDAR—Beautifully illustrated radical history calendar highlights important dates of people's struggles in the U.S. and around the world. $3.50 each. ($2 each for 10 or more.) Write Guardian, Dept. T, 33 W. 17th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10011.

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU DIE? Cassette tape explains the phenomenon of death: dying-after death existence-rebirth. $10.00. Educational Research, Inc., Box 36952, Shreveport, LA 71103.

BEAUTIFUL PERSONALIZED VALENTINE for your special love. Free brochure: CREATUS, Box 6124-N1, Lancaster, PA 17603.

NEVER HAVING TO SAY YOU'RE SORRY . . . Valentines expressing "Love Carefully," with detachable red condoms, 50¢ each; without, 40¢. Send check/money order to ZPG, 1346 Connecticut Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

born Roman Catholic in England, and brought to America at the beginning of World War II when he was a boy, and educated at Oxford. On the evidence of his essays and his fictions elsewhere, Sheed learned, not surprisingly, to profit by his strangeness, to be an outsider first in one country and then in the other. And then, like Chatworth, he learned perfectly to control his distance from the people—always aliens—he walked among.

At its best, there is zest to this game: "*Gott in Himmel*," Chatworth confesses, "I would be a French Apache and a Swiss yodeler if they'd let me. Once one has mastered the art of assimilation there is no stopping it. I enter everyone like the curse of the body snatchers." But the character who utters these words is confused with Sheed's other Chatworth, a sanctimonious lightweight who speaks with a "transatlantic whine" in his "fluty, ingratiating" accents, an "electronic voice," merely.

Transatlantic Blues is rescued from Frost because it is never possible to believe that Chatworth in the least truly resembles him. While it may be, as Chatworth urges, that "a man should be allowed to choose superficiality if he wants to," the kind Sheed has chosen for Chatworth seems inorganic. Of course, television is an apt conceit for the flattening of voices and cultural distinctions, but the child and boy Chatworth are too valuable, too distinctive, for employment in such a banal metaphorical operation.

Chatworth's interesting sin is deeper than cultural fraud, the ability to ingratiate in two accents. His sin is distance. Sheed has written elsewhere that "the writing game has always been divided between the strippers and the hiders," and here, writing of Chatworth's father's instructions to him, Monty says, "Never teach someone to hide his feelings until you've made sure he has any." The real mid-oceanic, airborne blues being sung here are old-timers: the sorrows of isolation, flight, more freedom than anyone wants. Chatworth never connects with anyone, which is, I guess, his confession. At the end there is an improbable bit of business with a nun, and a few other ladies have walk-on parts from time to time, but none save Chatworth's sister and a splendid English girl he tries to diddle in a punt ("I think you'd better put that away," she tells him. "I'm afraid it's not my sort of thing.") seem fully imagined.

In part this is because Sheed's considerable art is so relentlessly deflationary. He has written autobiographically of his "thin smile," and he writes here of "irony, the Oxford vice." His impulse is to build a sentence and abandon it at once, to make gorgeous sand castles at the water's edge, at low tide. He has been influenced I know by G.K. Chesterton, an English Roman Catholic who was almost as good a critic as Sheed himself, and whose intelligent humanity appealed mightily to Sheed. He was influenced also, I'm sure, by Evelyn Waugh, quite another case, also a Roman. (Chatworth's father, of the generation of *Vile Bodies* and *Decline and Fall*, is used for a moment of homage: "My father takes to reminiscing ferociously. He forgets my age and tells me about punting at Oxford and mad dashes to London in Puffy's roadster and turning up at tutorials next morning in his evening clothes . . . 'Ah. You're the chap from Fortnum's,' says the tutor. Meanwhile, the gramophone plays 'Yes, We Have No Bananas' over and over. A sneeze goes off in the next room and a tremulous girl in beads peeps in. 'I'm so sorry. Champagne always makes me sneeze.' 'Ah, Miss Rogers. Mastered our Herodotus, have we?' ")

I quote this at length to show, as Sheed has shown again and again, how good he is, how excellent in his timing, how suitable his cultural accessories. But like the critic Max Jamison, the title character of his fifth novel, "facetiousness [shakes] him like ague."

For what it's worth, I believe Sheed's best impulses and best sources of language are autobiographical. (See a few of his essays about himself in *The Morning After*, and aspects of two novellas published together, *The Blacking Factory and Pennsylvania Gothic*.) But, what the hell is he doing in the motley of David Frost? ●

RECORDS

by Jim Miller

To judge from the current crop of hits, black vocal groups, under the influence of riff-rock and disco-funk, have gone the way of the great American hamburger: beneath a mound of ketchup, cheese or chili, pure-beef sawdust has supplanted soulful grease. Quality control is the byword, versatility the norm, and this year's Golden Arch award for cheesy funk goes to Earth, Wind & Fire, a dependable franchise grinding out premium riffs under the watchful eye of producer Maurice White.

After a stint drumming with Ramsey Lewis, White wandered in the wilderness for several years with EWF, while they fiddled with various pop-soul-jazz-rock fusions. Since the formula fell into place two years ago, White has cranked out gold-plus product for the Emotions, Deniece Williams and Ramsey Lewis, as well as for EWF. Like Stevie Wonder, White has a flair for sophisticated harmony and bubbly rhythms; like the mid-Sixties Temptations, EWF features an agile trio of vocalists, if you'll pardon a thin falsetto. **All 'n All** (Columbia), the group's current hit, features a predictable mix of funk, ballads and one-world exotica, packaged with a wonderfully pretentious visual send-up of the pyramids. But while "Serpentine Fire" crackles with an easy authority, the album as a whole lacks the steady current of corporate creativity that energized *Spirit* and *That's the Way of the World*.

Despite occasional lapses—and *All* contains an unusual amount of filler—Earth, Wind & Fire remain trendsetters for the new black groups. To take a currently popular example: L.T.D., like EWF, ply smooth funk, perform as a self-contained unit, and project themselves with absurd visuals. (L.T.D. prefer spacesuits to pyramids.) Although Philadelphia producer Bobby Martin has added a slick veneer to **Something to Love** (A & M), the album lacks the sparkle and panache so effortlessly achieved by Maurice White, or, for that matter, the pillaging of cliche accomplished by Rose Royce on **In Full Bloom** (Whitfield). Here again we have a large (eight-piece) instrumental/vocal combo, in this case tied to ex-Motown producer Norman Whitfield, a truly gifted hack. Perhaps because the album comprises a smorgasbord of current black music styles, *Full Bloom* makes for consistent, if somewhat bland, listening.

For those nostalgic for the grittiness and soul of the older groups, there is still some hope. With **Goin' Places** (Epic), the Jacksons' second disk under the guidance of Gamble and Huff, the group has finally lit upon a satisfying revamp of its original sound; best of all are two breathless originals penned by the Jacksons themselves, balancing a typically slick program of Philly tunes. Finally, aficionados of vintage Motown should listen to **Got to Have Your Love** (Westbound) by the Fantastic Four, a Detroit quartet in the classical gospel mold. "There's Fire Down Below," an overextended track featuring an explosive Dennis Coffey guitar line, almost sounds like old times. ●

Jazz/by Frank Conroy

POP GOES THE FLUGEL

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL TROSSMAN

What has been the largest selling big-band record in the last fifteen years? Something by Basie? Woody Herman? Thad Jones/Mel Lewis? No. The record is called *Conquistador*, and the band is Maynard Ferguson's. As of January, sales have reached 420,000 copies. It contains the theme from *Rocky* (surely one of the most vapid, mindless little tunes to come along in many years), through which Ferguson has reached the largest audience of his long career.

In the early fifties Ferguson was the high-note artist in Stan Kenton's trumpet section. His sound was unforgettable—a tense, honeyed quality in the middle register, and then, as he climbed upward, more and more personal. It was a sort of dramatic self-assertion in the vibrato as he soared above everything, past high C, into the next octave-and-a-half, where his tone and timbre became unique. (One could hear him planting flags—claiming territory.) On special occasions he would go higher—controlled squeaks two octaves above high C. He was irresistible, and if the Kenton sound made one think of Mussolini, Maynard was a *paisano* among the Black Shirts. After four years he went out on his own, freelancing with pick-up bands.

In 1957, Ferguson formed a 13-piece band (he still refers to it as his "jazz" band), and worked with it for a decade. It was good, modern music, and some strong players and arrangers helped to make it so; Don Ellis, Slide Hampton, Jaki Byard and Don Sebesky come to mind. When the band died for economic reasons, Ferguson got involved with Tim Leary, Millbrook, and the sixties trip. He went into "exile" in India. Jazz had lost its savor. "In 1967," Ferguson explains, "when I broke up with the band and took my wife and children to England and India, I didn't think there was an American market for what I was doing. With no new audiences interested in the directions I was headed, I was stuck with my old audiences . . . I think getting away from America gave me a chance to destroy my cookie stamp."

Maynard wanted a change, and when he came back, he began playing the dramatic, rock-influenced, easily accessible music of the seventies. He emerged from the era of consciousness-expansion less radical than when he entered it. (Nor was he the only one: Leary went from LSD to FBI.) He has been accused of selling out, which is both unfair and misleading. If anyone ever paid his dues, it was Maynard. The fact is he was never entirely right for jazz, never entirely comfortable in that most demanding music. He was not a great improvisator—he led a band. The best charts, tunes and improvisations of substance were done by other people. He was (and is) a superb instrumentalist, a fine all-around musical technician and a strong leader, but his aesthetic relationship to music was always relatively unsophisticated.

What inevitably occurs onstage is that his emphasis is not so much on the music itself, but on the act of playing the music. Maynard will get behind a jazzed-up version of *Pagliacci*, and the point of it all is not some imaginative reworking of a melodic chestnut, but rather a straight ahead tour de force on the horn, to display difficult material masterfully executed. (Ferguson seems to love melodramatic themes—the brave, soaring horn going right to the listener's heart, and right past his head.)

I heard his latest band in a high-school auditorium in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, several weeks ago. The place was jammed—a lot of kids, parents, and a heavy sprinkling of all ages in between—and there was the kind of excitement in the air that one associates with an athletic event. Ferguson's players are all in their early twenties, full of energy, and eager to play. Everyone gets to solo, because Maynard's strategy is to avoid ensemble playing of the sort that Ellington or Woody Herman do so well—to avoid, in fact, the traditional big-band sound—and concentrate on solos, duets or quartets played against the rhythm section: Rhodes keyboard, Moog, etc., with electric bass and drums. It isn't long before the audience identifies with the soloists as they might with actors. It all seems to work, and an unaffected happiness warms the crowd. When the boss plays, he is clearly having fun. The relish he takes in the music, in his fine young crew, and in his own macho trumpet work is unabashed and contagious. There is a shine and flash to the band which amounts to a kind of pride, and audiences love it.

Ferguson came out of jazz and has settled comfortably, and appropriately, into what might be called the music business. The young people scream at the opening bars of *Star Wars* or *Rocky*—in a fever of excitement over pop culture and a celebration of their own late-seventies *Zeitgeist*—but they are not unaware that what they are hearing is top-drawer professional work. They admire the band, in part, as they might admire the best drill team in the world, or a championship basketball squad—for the *polish*, for the sheer pleasure, of seeing something done supremely well. Ferguson is playing for the kids, all right, but he includes things like Sonny Rollins's classic "Airegin" or Basie's "One O'Clock Jump" every now and then, simply because the material is so good. In the end, for many of his fans, this latest band may serve as a doorway into a more complex music. ●

A Shared Legacy/by George McGovern

FINAL TRIBUTE

Sitting in the family room of his comfortable home in Waverly, Minnesota, Hubert Humphrey would tell visiting friends: "This is the house that wind built." A visitor would laugh and at the same time experience a surge of affection. That statement told so much about Hubert. It recalled the countless hour-long speeches which he sometimes ended by saying, "Muriel has told me that I don't have to be eternal to be immortal." It recalled, too, his capacity to laugh at himself and to take note of the well-meant criticism of his friends, while he went right on being himself. It was also an earthy, unapologetic reference to the fact that Hubert Humphrey may have earned more honorariums making speeches than any other senator in American history.

Always he spoke with that crackling, extemporaneous style that is familiar to Americans in every hamlet across the land. He had a capacity to begin a speech after an exhausting day and somehow recharge his mental and emotional batteries with the electrical currents that flowed from his rhetoric and the delighted reaction of the crowd. Often when he hit on a choice phrase, it would remind him of another one, which in turn would call up a rapid fire, escalating series of references from biblical, constitutional or political lore.

I once heard Hubert speak on the nuclear test ban treaty for nearly two hours without a note. It was a brilliantly informed discourse, and he delivered it without a single awkward or trite phrase. After determining that neither he nor his staff had changed a word in the Congressional Record text of that speech, I read it the next day trying to detect a grammatical error, a clumsy phrase, or a weakness in sentence structure. There were none. Countless times my colleagues and I in the Senate witnessed similar spontaneous flights of eloquence. "He has the best coordination of mind and tongue of any member of the Senate," a *Time* magazine writer noted. I would revise that only to say he had the best coordination of mind and tongue *and heart*. He seldom separated the emotional currents that surged through his heart from the intellectual sharpness that characterized his mind. That constant mingling of emotion and intellect sometimes led him to questionable conclusions, but it also enabled him to manifest a blend of compassion and indignation, laughter and tears, that made him a rare human being.

During a heated Senate debate with Senator John Stennis of Mississippi on the Civil Rights Act of 1964, Hubert turned to Senator Stennis, his eyes glistening with tears, and said: "I know the senator from Mississippi is a good and decent man. I know he is kind and loving in his personal relations with his black brothers. But I believe all of us, black and white, northerners and southerners, must not only love each other, we must provide every citizen the full protection of the law."

Hubert Humphrey and his family were our next-door neighbors in Washington for a decade. We were not only warm friends, but we shared the legacy of American liberalism. Then came Vietnam, and we drifted apart for a time. In 1972 I defeated my old friend and neighbor for the Democratic presidential nomination.

I well know the sadness of losing a presidential race. Yet, within a few months, Hubert and I went to South Dakota together, and he helped me launch a winning campaign for reelection to the Senate. He was even then undergoing radiation treatment for the illness that was to take his life four years later. During that campaign trip, we shared the platform in Huron, South Dakota—the town where the Humphrey Drug Store of Hubert's boyhood is still operating. That night all the scars of 1972 vanished. I rediscovered what I had already known deep in my being—that it was impossible either to hold a grudge or be on the receiving end of a grudge where Hubert was involved.

Years earlier during the bitter divisions over Vietnam, Hubert told me quietly one afternoon that he did not want me to think that he was supporting the war to please President Johnson. "I am an advocate of our Vietnam policy because I believe that policy is right," he said. I admired him for making it clear to me that he did not want his friends to blame his Vietnam views on the President who had selected him as his running mate. "I would rather be honestly wrong than to be a deliberate hypocrite," he said.

Hubert reminded us repeatedly that he was "not running for sainthood." He had limitations, as we all do. He seldom read a thoughtful book, and he was too much in awe of official briefers. But when it came to the great issues of social justice, Hubert's instincts were not only sure, they were enunciated with a passion, earthiness, wit and force that we are not likely to see exceeded in all the days of our lives. ●

umphrey
Govern

ANTHONY KORODY / BLACK STAR

INTRODUCING EUROPE'S MOST SUCCESSFUL* NEW CAR IN HISTORY.

***The new Ford Fiesta. It's outsold every new car nameplate ever introduced in Europe, based on a comparison of sales in the first six months.** It's assembled by Ford in Germany, now available in America for the first time. Fiesta was engineered to give an exciting level of automotive performance. With front-wheel drive for traction. With rack and pinion steering and Michelin radials for precise control. And a 1.6 litre engine for quickness: 0-50 MPH in an average of 8.8 seconds in Ford tests (9.1 seconds for California emissions equipped models). Yet for all its performance, Fiesta was engineered to be simple and *easy to service.* With room and comfort for four adults. The new Fiesta is available from more than 5,000 Ford Dealers. One test drive can show you why it's Europe's most successful new car in history.

46 MPG[†] HWY
34 MPG[†] CITY
$3,799[††]

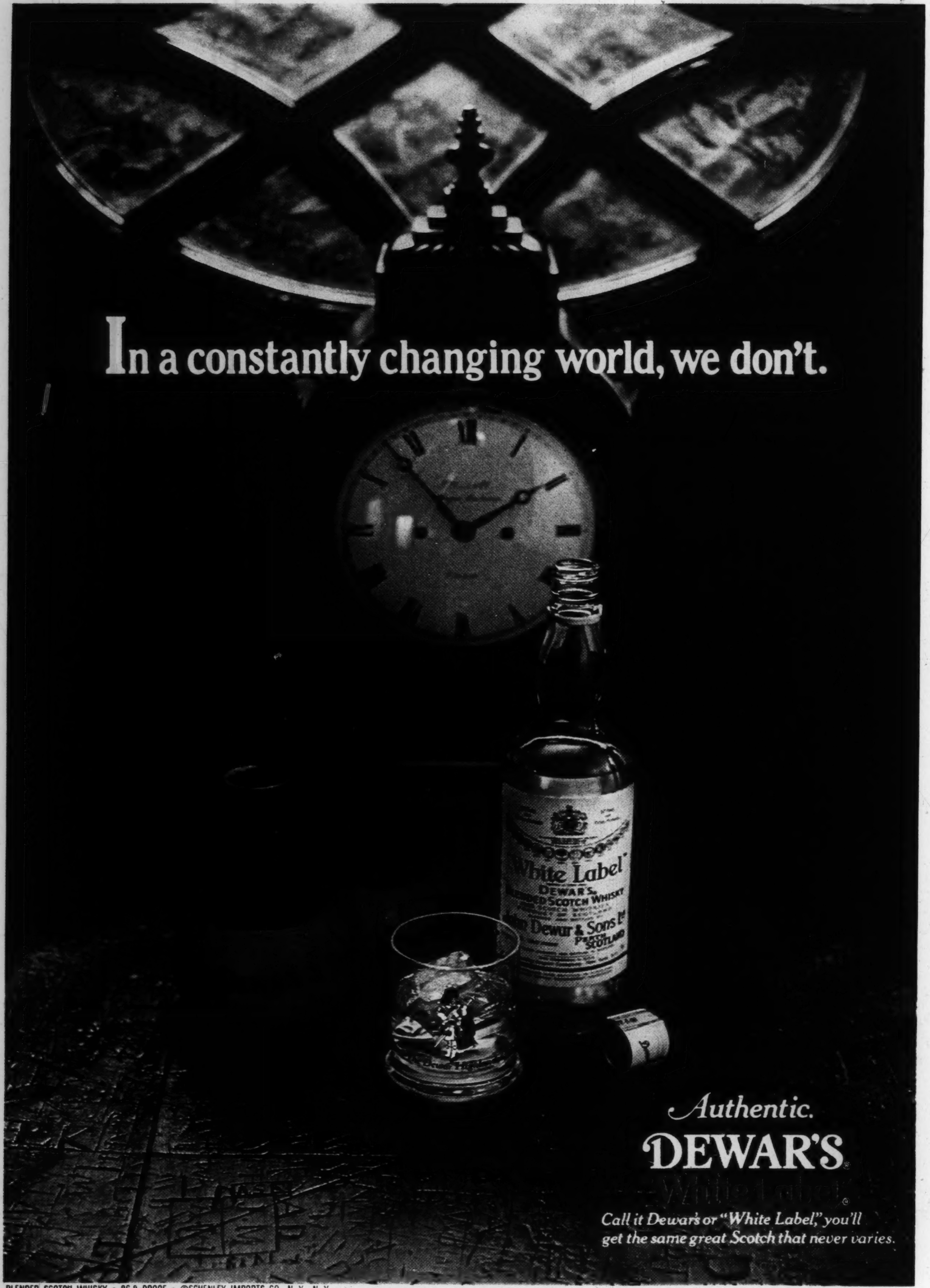
[†] *EPA estimates. Your mileage may vary depending on your car's condition, optional equipment and where and how you drive. California ratings are lower.*

[††] *Base sticker price excluding taxes, title, and destination charges.*

FIESTA

FORD FIESTA
FORD DIVISION

Ford
75th ANNIVERSARY


White Label
DEWAR'S
Blended Scotch Whisky
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
Perth
Scotland

In a constantly changing world, we don't.

Authentic.

DEWAR'S
White Label

Call it Dewar's or "White Label," you'll get the same great Scotch that never varies.

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • ©SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO. N.Y., N.Y.